HYMNS

FOR

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

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PREFACE.

The large number of new collections of Psalms and Hymns which are continually making their appearance, seems to prove pretty clearly that those already in circulation are only tolerated for want of a better. Whether an authorized Hymnal could be compiled which would give general satisfaction is at least doubtful, and such uniformity perhaps is not to be desired. When we consider, however, how great an influence is exercised on the popular mind by favorite hymns,—an influence which was well understood by the leaders of the Reformation, —it is clearly no unimportant matter what is the character of the forms selected for this part of public worship; nor can too great care be taken by those who have to provide

hymns for their congregations, in choosing such only as will have influence for good.

The present collection will be found to differ from former ones in several particulars.

It has been attempted to bring together such hymns only as, for sobriety of language and doctrinal accordance with Scripture, might form fit companions for the prayers of the Authorized Liturgy, and, if possible, be used alike by all sections of the English Church. The hymns have been drawn from various sources, but great care has been taken to exclude such as appeared to be marked by a sectarian spirit. In selecting from some 20,000 which have been compiled for the purpose, preference has been given to such as embodied under the form of praise the great doctrines of the Gospel, especially to those which bring prominently forward the doctrine of the Second Advent—the great object of Christian hope and preservative against conformity to the world.

Another important principle kept in view was to select such as could be used by all members of a congregation alike. One chief

fault of existing collections is that they contain a large number of hymns suited for the closet rather than for the Church. Those who meet together for public worship ought to feel, and express themselves, as members of One Body, and their praises no less than their prayers should be marked by the same feature of corporate devotion. Many of the hymns commonly sung exhibit a very low state of Christian feeling, each worshipper being made to tell out the same personal experience, often in the shape of doubts and despondencies, instead of joining in a common profession of faith in the fulness of the salvation wrought by Christ. Such hymns have an influence for evil. They accustom those who use them to look inwardly to their own variable feelings, rather than outwards to the finished work of the Saviour. In selecting hymns for the present collection, all those of a private and personal character, however beautiful in themselves, have been rejected as unsuited for public worship; those only have been admitted which were framed in language capable of being used by all who desire to live up to their Christian profession.

Another fault of existing collections, which it has been sought to avoid, is the partiality they exhibit for hymns which are little else than prayers in metre. Praise rather than prayer should be the characteristic of our hymns. It is true that, in our present imperfect state, the two must often go together, and at certain seasons the voice of praise may well be subdued; but that can be no reason for not allowing praise to predominate as a rule in this part of our public service.

I have given no metrical version of the Psalms, because it seemed unnecessary. A large portion of the Psalms form a regular part of our daily service, and these may be chanted if it be thought that reading is but a cold method of giving utterance to praise. It would then seem superfluous to sing Psalms at another part of the service in a metrical form. In addition to this, most of the Psalms are too long for singing in their complete shape, and if used, must be mutilated for the purpose. A few of the shorter ones, which are more frequently used than others, have been retained without any more special mark of designation

than a reference to the source from which they are taken in the Index.

As regards arrangement, I have for the most part followed the Prayer-book, giving four hymns to every Sunday, and as many or more to the principal Festivals and occasional services. This will not, of course, preclude any from varying their selection according to requirements.

A few hymns have been added for the use of Schools and Families. It were well if the practice of singing hymns at family worship were more common. Besides being beneficial in itself, it would form an excellent preparation for the same exercise at Church; and if the practice became general, we might hope for more hearty congregational singing than is often met with at present.

In conclusion, I have to express my thanks to all collectors and authors to whom I am indebted for hymns. My thanks are specially due to Mr. Marcus Moses for permission to select from Kelly's Hymns; to Messrs. Longman for those which I have taken from Montgomery's Hymns, as well as No. 278 from

the *Lyra Domestica* published by them; also to Messrs. Masters & Co. for two from *Hymns and Introits* published by them.

Much difficulty has been experienced in tracing some of the hymns to their original sources. I have given the names of the authors, so far as they could be ascertained with any certainty, in the Index. So many have been published in an anonymous form, that to give all would be impossible.

A. W.

CLARE COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
Sept. 1860.

HYMNS

FOR

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

First Sunday in Advent.

1

HARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the riches of his grace
To bless the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy advent shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

2

THE night is now far spent,
  And day comes on apace;
The veil will soon be rent,
  That hides the Saviour's face;
The clouds that now obstruct our sight
Will all be quickly put to flight.

Ye saints, lift up your heads,
  Salvation draweth nigh;
See where the morning spreads
  Its radiance through the sky;
Oh, let the sight your spirits cheer;
The Lord himself will soon appear.

Though men your hope deride,
  Nor will themselves believe;
Yet in his word confide,
  Who never can deceive;
When heav'n and earth shall pass away,
The saints shall see a glorious day.

For you the Lord intends
  A bright abode on high;
The place where sorrow ends,
  And nought is known but joy:
With such a hope, ye saints, rejoice;
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice.

3

HARK! an awful voice is sounding;
  "Christ is nigh!" it seems to say,
"Cast away the works of darkness,
  "Rise, ye children of the day!"

Startled at the solemn warning,
  Let the earth-bound soul arise;
Christ, our Sun, all sloth dispelling,
  Shines upon the morning skies.

Lo! the Lamb, so long expected,
  Comes with pardon down from heaven:
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
  One and all to be forgiven.

So, when next he comes in glory,
  Wrapping all the earth in fear,
May he then as our Defender
  On the clouds of heaven appear.

4

LO! he comes, with clouds descending,
  Once for helpless sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
  Swell the triumph of his train.
        Alleluia!
  Jesus comes with power to reign.

Every eye shall now behold him
  Robed in dreadful majesty:
They who set at nought and sold him,
  Pierced and nail'd him to the tree,
        Deeply wailing,
  Shall the true Messiah see.

See the tokens of his passion
  Still his dazzling body bears;
Cause of endless exultation
  To his ransomed worshippers.
        With what rapture
  Gaze we on those glorious scars!

Yea, Amen, let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne;
Saviour, thine be all the glory,
Make thy righteous judgment known!
Oh, come quickly!
Take the kingdom for thine own.

Second Sunday in Advent.

5

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When, shriv'ling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead?

Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

6

GREAT God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of all men doth appear
On clouds of glory seated;
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contain'd before,
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

The dead in Christ shall first arise,
  At the last trumpet's sounding,
To meet their Saviour in the skies,
  With joy his throne surrounding.
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
  On those prepared to meet him.

But sinners fill'd with guilty fears
  Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise and find their tears
  And sighs are unavailing;
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
  All unprepared to meet him.

Great God, to thee our prayers we pour,
  In deep abasement bending;
O shield us in that last dread hour,
  Thy wondrous love extending.
May we, in this our trial day,
With wakeful hearts thy word obey,
  And thus prepare to meet him!

7

DAY of judgment! day of wonders!
  Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
  Shakes the vast creation round!
    How the summons
  Will the sinner's heart confound!

See the Judge our nature wearing,
  Cloth'd in majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing
  Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
    Gracious Saviour,
  Own us in that day for thine!

At his call the dead awaken,
  Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature shaken
  By his looks prepare to flee:
    Careless sinner,
  What will then become of thee?

But to those who have confessed,
  Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
  See the kingdom I bestow!
    You for ever
  Shall my love and glory know."

8

THE trumpet shall sound,
  And fill the world round;
From shore it shall echo to shore;
    The angel shall stand
    With uplifted hand,
Proclaiming that time is no more.

    And now shall the tomb
    Discharge from its womb
The load it no more can retain;
    The earth and the sea
    The call shall obey,
And give up their myriads of slain.

The Saviour with crowds
Shall come in the clouds;
His glory to all shall appear:
All power is giv'n,
In earth and in heav'n,
To him who was crucified here.

Then joy to the saints;
Whatever complaints
Attend on their state here below,
They all in that day
Shall vanish away;
No more shall their tears ever flow.

Their Lord they shall see;
With him they shall be;
With him in his kingdom above;
For ever to gaze:
For ever to praise;
For ever to sing of his love.

Third Sunday in Advent.

9

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame:
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

Watch; 'tis your Lord's command,
He, while we speak, is near:
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

O happy servant he
In such attention found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

10

LO! he comes with pomp victorious;
Where's the Man of sorrows now?
See his train all bright and glorious!
Ev'ry knee to him shall bow.
Crown him! Crown him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

Sinners, in derision, crown'd him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim.
Saints and angels now surround him,
Own his title, praise his name.
Crown him! Crown him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
Oh, what joy the sight affords!
Crown him! Crown him!
King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.

11

YE messengers of Christ,
His sov'reign will obey:
Arise, and follow where he leads;
And peace attend your way.

The Master, whom ye serve,
Will needful strength bestow:
Depending on his promis'd aid,
With holy courage go.

Mountains shall sink to plains;
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's, and must prevail,
Though mighty be its foes.

Your Saviour's gracious voice
Assures you full success:
He calls you to the hallow'd work,
And he your cause will bless.

12

ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands;
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands;
Mourning captive!
God himself will loose thy bands.

Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful prov'd?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmov'd?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well belov'd.

God, thy God will now restore thee:
  He himself appears thy friend:
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
    Great deliv'rance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

Enemies no more shall trouble,
  All thy wrongs shall be redress'd;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
  In thy Maker's favour bless'd;
    All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

Fourth Sunday in Advent.

13

THE Church has waited long,
  Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
  A friendless stranger she.
  Age after age has gone,
  Sun after sun has set,
And still in weeds of widowhood
  She weeps a mourner yet.

  Saint after saint on earth
  Has lived, and loved, and died;
And as they left us one by one,
  We laid them side by side:
  We laid them down to sleep,
  But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there,
  Till the last glorious morn.

How long, O Lord our God,
Holy, and true, and good,
Wilt thou not judge thy suffering Church,
Her sighs and tears and blood?
We long to hear thy voice,
To see thee face to face,
To share thy crown and glory then,
As now we share thy grace.

The whole creation groans,
And waits to hear that voice,
That shall restore her comeliness,
And make her wastes rejoice.
Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.

14

HOW long, O Lord, beloved
Wilt thou remain away?
Our hearts are growing weary
Of thy so long delay!
O when shall come the moment,
When, brighter far than morn,
The sunshine of thy glory
Shall on thy people dawn?

How long, O heavenly Bridegroom,
How long wilt thou delay?
And yet how few are grieving
That thou dost absent stay!

Christmas Day.

17

HARK! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.

Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail, incarnate Deity;
Pleased as man with man to dwell,
Jesus our Immanuel.

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing on his wings.

Now he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

18

HAIL brightest, happiest morn,
That ever beam'd from heaven!
To us a Child is born,
To us a Son is given;
Let every heart its homage bring
In honour to the new-born King.

What wondrous love is this!
The Lord of life appears,
And quits the realms of bliss
For this dark vale of tears;
Consents to tread this cursed ground,
Where sin and misery abound.

Give us an angel's tongue,
An angel's willing mind;
And let thy name be sung,
Great God, by all mankind;
Let the whole earth with one accord
Confess that Jesus is the Lord.

19

CHRIST is born, go tell the story,
Tell the nations of his birth:
Tell them that the "Lord of glory"
Comes from heav'n to dwell on earth:
Let the tidings
Fill the world with sacred mirth.

See he lies in yonder manger;
"Prince of Life" his title is:
'Midst his own, and yet a stranger,
All things seen and unseen his;
Yet neglected:
Wonder, O ye heav'ns, at this.

See fulfill'd prophetic vision,
"Unto us a child is born;"
Though an object of derision,
Though the theme of human scorn:
Yet his people
Hail his birth, and cease to mourn.

Hail Emmanuel, Child of promise,
"Lord of all," in humble guise;
Long detain'd, and absent from us,
Come at length to bless our eyes:
Hail Emmanuel!
God the Saviour, only wise!

20

HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join th' angelic throng;
For angels no such love have known,
To wake a cheerful song!

Good-will to sinful men is shown,
And peace on earth is given;
For, lo! th' incarnate Saviour comes
With messages from heaven.

Glory to God in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid;
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd!

21

BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
For to us a Child is born;
From the highest realm of heaven
Unto us a Son is given.

On his shoulder he shall bear
Power and majesty, and wear
On his vesture and his thigh
Names most glorious, names most high.

Wonderful in counsel he,
The incarnate Deity;
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of kings, and Prince of Peace.

Come and worship at his feet,
Yield to Christ the homage meet,
From his manger to his throne,
Homage due to God alone.

Sunday after Christmas.

22

LORD, Jesus! we thy name adore,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King;
We own thy truth, revere thy power,
And thy salvation sing.

Thou, the great Prophet of the Lord,
Dost heavenly wisdom preach;
And by thy Spirit, and thy word,
All needful knowledge teach.

Thou art our Priest for sin to die,
And wash us in thy blood;
To stand for us within the sky,
And urge this plea with God.

Thou art our King; we own thy right
Our lives to rule and sway;
Subdue our souls by saving might,
And bend us to obey.

23

NOW let our mingling voices rise
  In grateful rapture to the skies,
  And hail a Saviour's birth;
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
When Jesus from his glory came
  To bless the sons of earth.

He came to bid the weary rest,
To heal the sinner's wounded breast,
  To bind the broken heart;
To spread the light of truth around,
And to the world's remotest bound
  The heavenly gift impart.

He came our trembling souls to save
From sin, from sorrow, and the grave,
  And chase our fears away;
Victorious over death and time,
To lead us to a happier clime,
  Where reigns eternal day.

24

THE long expected morn
  Has dawn'd upon the earth;
  The Saviour Christ is born,
  And angels sing his birth:
We 'll join the bright seraphic throng,
We 'll share their joys, and swell their song.

  Now sing of peace divine,
  Sing of good-will to man;
  No wisdom, Lord, but thine
  Could form the gracious plan;
Could find a way to save the lost,
Thyself not ceasing to be just.

Give praise to God on high,
With angels round the throne;
Give praise to God with joy,
Give praise to God alone:
'Tis meet his saints their songs should raise,
And give the Saviour endless praise.

25

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure:
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time like an ever-rolling stream
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home!

Circumcision.

26

SHADOWS are fled, a brighter ray
Dawns with the opening year;
The law of Moses fades away,
Love reigns instead of fear.

The Son has left his Father's throne,
Our pain and grief to share;
In human form the sinless One
The shame of sin will bear.

For us to cancel every claim,
This day the Lord began;
Freely a debtor he became
To the whole law for man.

This day that name he first did own
At which the world should bow;
This day his name in deed was shown,
Jesus, true Saviour, now.

To him whose precious blood was shed
That guilty men might live,
To our Redeemer and our Head
Blessing and praise we give.

27

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
To the believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
  And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
  And to the weary rest.

Blest name! the rock on which we build,
  Our shield and hiding-place,
Our never-failing treasury fill'd
  With boundless stores of grace.

Still let us here thy love proclaim
  With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
  Refresh our souls in death!

28

JESUS! name of wondrous love!
  Name all other names above!
Unto which must every knee
Bow in deep humility—

Jesus! name decreed of old;
To the maiden mother told,
Kneeling in her lowly cell,
By the angel Gabriel—

Jesus! name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth;
For the promise that it gave—
"Jesus shall his people save"—

Jesus! name of mercy mild,
Given to the holy Child
When the cup of human woe
First he tasted here below—

Jesus! name of wondrous love,
Human name of God above!
Pleading only this, we flee
Helpless, O our God, to thee.

29

SON of God! to thee we bow;
Thou art Lord, and only Thou:
Thou, the blessed Virgin's seed,
Glory of thy Church and Head.

Thee the angels ceaseless sing;
Thee we praise, our Priest and King;
Worthy is thy Name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.

Thou hast joyful tidings brought,
Thou hast full salvation wrought;
Wrought, to set thy people free,
Wrought to bring our souls to thee.

May we follow and adore
Thee our Saviour more and more;
Guide and bless us with thy love
Till we join thy Church above!

Sunday after Circumcision.

30

GIVE to our God immortal praise,
Mercy and truth are all his ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

31

GREAT God! let all our tuneful powers
Awake, and sing thy mighty name:
Thy hand revolves our circling hours—
Thy hand, from which our being came.

To thee we raise the annual song;
To thee the grateful tribute give:
For thou dost still our days prolong,
And 'midst unnumbered deaths we live!

Our life, our health, our friends—we owe
All to thy vast unbounded love—
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hopes of nobler joys above.

Thus will we sing, till nature cease;
Till sense and language are no more:
And, after death, thy boundless grace,
Through everlasting years, adore.

32

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
  Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
  Never more to meet us here:
Fix'd in an eternal state,
  They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
  But how little—none can know.

As the winged arrow flies,
  Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
  Darts and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
  Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise;
  All below is but a dream.

Thanks for mercies past receive,
  Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
  With eternity in view:
Bless thy word to young and old,
  Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
  May we dwell with thee above.

33

GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
  By which supported still we stand!
The op'ning year thy mercy shows;
That mercy crowns it till it close.

By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

With grateful hearts the past we own:
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet;

In scenes exalted or depress'd
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest:
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise
Ador'd through all our changing days.

Epiphany.

34

HAIL the day, when in the sky
Shone the Day-spring from on high;
When the star from heaven display'd
Where the Holy Child was laid.

Onward moving that bright flame
Did the Saviour's birth proclaim;
And the Gentiles came to bring
Offerings to their Infant King.

Lord of heaven! now may thy light
Shine upon our darken'd sight,
Till it guide us to the rest
Where thy people shall be blest.

May it light us on the road
Leading to the throne of God;
And our offering then shall be
Hearts devoted, Lord, to thee.

35

YE nations, exult, salvation is nigh!
The star in the East illumines the sky;
The time is arrived by Jehovah's decree,
When walkers in darkness his glory shall see.

No longer in types or shadows conceal'd,
In light and in truth the Christ is reveal'd;
No longer to tribe or to region confined,
The promise of God is address'd to mankind.

Ye Gentiles rejoice, re-echo the strain!
Break forth into praise, ye isles of the main!
The winds to your shores the glad tidings shall bring,
Rejoice in your Saviour, rejoice in your King.

The word is gone forth: the heathen around,
The furthest and worst, shall joy in the sound;
All nations, all tongues, shall in unison raise
One hymn to their Maker, one chorus of praise.

Then glory to God—the Father above,
Who sent to our world the Son of his love;
Like glory to him who came down from on high,
To save and to suffer, to triumph and die.

36

GREAT God, the world is thine;
Let Satan cease to reign;
The nations, Lord, incline
To love thy glorious name;
The greatness of thy power make known,
And claim the kingdoms for thine own.

Jesus, Redeemer, Lord,
Thou didst the grace obtain;
Send forth thy conquering word,
Thy blood-bought right maintain;
The riches of thy grace make known,
And claim the kingdoms for thine own.

Almighty Spirit, thine
The pow'r to cleanse the heart;
Thy energy divine
Can life and love impart;
Thy gifts and graces, Lord, make known,
And claim the kingdoms for thine own.

Jehovah, God of might,
Thy holy arm make bare;
In all the heathen's sight,
Thy glorious way prepare;
To all the world thy name make known,
And claim the kingdoms for thine own.

37

YE visions bright, of heavenly birth,
Ye glories of the latter day,
Descend upon the fallen earth,
And chase the shades of night away.
Bid streams of love and mercy flow
Through every vale of human woe,
Till sin, and care, and sorrow cease,
And all the world is hush'd to peace.

How long, amid this dying race,
Shall desolation hold her reign?
How long shall men despise the grace
And love of him who once was slain?

How long shall heathen bow the knee
To gods that neither hear nor see?
Ye scenes of bliss, so long foretold,
When will your radiant hues unfold?

The gospel of the living God
  Shall echo the wide earth around,
Till every place of man's abode
  Shall know the joy-inspiring sound.
Who can the heavenly scene portray?
Who can describe the glorious day?
We hail its glimmerings from afar,
We hail the bright, the morning star!

First Sunday after Epiphany.

38

SING to the Lord in joyful strains;
  Let earth his praise resound,
Ye, who upon the ocean dwell,
  And fill the isles around!

O City of the Lord, begin
  The universal song,
And let the scatter'd villages
  The cheerful notes prolong!

Let Kedar's wilderness afar
  Lift up its lonely voice;
And let the tenants of the rock
  With accents rude rejoice:

Till, 'midst the streams of distant lands,
  The islands sound his praise;
And all combined, with one accord,
  Jehovah's glories raise.

39

LET God arise,
The only wise,
And let his foes before him fly;
At his command,
Let every land
Be filled with light and sacred joy.

The dawning ray
Of that bright day
Whose sun shall gladden ev'ry place,
A light imparts,
That cheers our hearts,
And bids us toil and danger face.

The Lord has said
His truth shall spread,
And all the earth his glory see;
Arise, O Lord,
Fulfil thy word,
And thine alone the honour be.

Thy people wait
With hope elate;
Not distant far the day appears,
When war shall cease,
And heav'nly peace
Shall wipe away ten thousand tears.

Then Abrah'm's seed,
From bondage freed,
Shall taste of liberty and joy;
From home long driv'n,
But now forgiv'n,
The waster shall no more destroy.

This day is light,
But far more bright
The day when Jesus will return;
He'll wipe away
All tears that day,
His people never more shall mourn.

40

GREAT Father of mankind,
We bless that wondrous grace,
Which could for Gentiles find
Within thy courts a place!
How kind the care Our God displays,
For us to raise A house of prayer!

Though once estranged far,
We now approach the throne,
For Jesus brings us near,
And makes our cause his own:
Strangers no more, To thee we come,
And find our home, And rest secure!

May all the nations throng
To worship in thy house,
And thou attend the song,
And smile upon their vows;
Indulgent still, Till earth conspire
To join the choir On Sion's hill!

41

WITH songs of grateful praise
Surround Jehovah's seat,
The goodness of his ways
Through all the earth repeat;
His mercy rose Ere time was known,
ıd from his throne Eternal flows!

He bids his light arise,
And sends his Gospel forth;
From east to west it flies,
And fills the south and north:
His mighty grace Its power imparts,
And willing hearts His truth embrace.

Then far as isles extend,
To the vast ocean's bound,
Let kings to Jesus bend,
And pour their off'rings round:
Arabia raise The song divine,
And Afric join T' exalt his praise!

Let India's fertile shore
Its gifts and honours bring,
To hail the Saviour's power,
To crown Immanuel King:
Remotest lands Their homage pay,
Till all obey His high commands!

Second Sunday after Epiphany.

42

O'ER the realms of pagan darkness,
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the kindreds of the people,
Lost in sin's bewildering maze:
Darkness brooding
On the face of all the earth.

Light of them that sit in darkness,
  Rise and shine, thy blessings bring!
Light, to lighten all the Gentiles,
  Rise with healing in thy wing!
    To thy brightness
  Let all kings and nations come!

May the heathen, now adoring
  Idol gods of wood and stone,
Come, and, worshipping before him,
  Serve the living God alone!
    Let thy glory
  Fill the earth as floods the sea!

Thou, to whom all power is given,
  Speak the word! at thy command,
Let the company of preachers
  Spread thy name from land to land!
    Lord, be with them
  Alway to the end of time!

43

ZION'S King shall reign victorious,
  All the earth shall own his sway;
He will make his kingdom glorious,
  He will reign through endless day:
What though none on earth assist him?
  God requires not help from man:
What though all the world resist him?
  God will realise his plan.

Nations now from God estranged,
  Then shall see a glorious light,
Night to day shall then be changed,
  Heav'n shall triumph in the sight:

See the ancient idols falling!
  Worshipp'd once, but now abhorr'd;
Men on Zion's King are calling,
  Zion's King by all ador'd.

Then shall Israel, long dispersed,
  Mourning seek the Lord their God,
Look on him whom once they pierced,
  Own and kiss the chast'ning rod:
Then all Israel shall be saved,
  War and tumult then shall cease,
While the greater Son of David
  Rules a conquer'd world in peace.

Mighty King, thine arm revealing,
  Now thy glorious cause maintain,
Bring the nations help and healing,
  Make them subject to thy reign:
Angels, in their lofty station,
  Praise thy name, thou only Wise;
O let earth, with emulation,
  Join the triumph of the skies.

44

TO bless thy chosen race,
  In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
  On all thy saints to shine.

That so thy wondrous way
  May through the world be known,
Whilst distant lands their tribute pay,
  And thy salvation own.

Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

O let them shout and sing
With joy and pious mirth,
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

45

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on thy strength, the nations shake;
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee!

Say to the heathen from thy throne,
I am Jehovah, God alone!
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

Let Zion's time of favour come;
O bring the tribes of Israel home;
And let our wond'ring eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold!

Almighty God, thy grace proclaim;
Exalt the Saviour's glorious name;
Let every foe before him fall,
Confest, adored, the Lord of all.

Third Sunday after Epiphany.

46

JOY to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;

Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
  And heaven and nature sing!
Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns;
  Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
  Repeat the sounding joy!

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
  Nor thorns infest the ground!
He comes to make his blessings flow
  Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
  And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
  And wonders of his love.

47

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
  Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
  Come ye before him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
  Without our aid he did us make,
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
  And for his sheep he doth us take.

O enter then his gates with praise,
  Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
  For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
  His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
  And shall from age to age endure.

48

JESUS, immortal King, go on,
The glorious day will soon be won;
Thine enemies prepare to flee,
And leave a conquer'd world to thee.

Gird on thy sword, victorious Chief!
The captive sinner's sole relief;
Cast the usurper from his throne,
And make the universe thine own.

Thy footsteps, Lord, with joy we trace,
And mark the conquests of thy grace;
Finish the work thou hast begun,
And let thy will on earth be done.

Then shall contending nations rest,
For love shall reign in every breast;
Weapons for war design'd shall cease,
Or then be implements of peace.

Hark! how the hosts triumphant sing,
"The Lord omnipotent is King;"
Let all his saints rejoice at this,
The kingdoms of the world are his.

49

HARK! the distant isles proclaim
Glory to Messiah's name:
Hymns of praise, unheard before,
Echo from the farthest shore.

Hearts that once were taught to own
Idol gods of wood and stone,
Now, to light and life restor'd,
Honour Jesus as their Lord.

Blessed Saviour, still proceed;
Bid the glorious conquest speed;
Let this first refreshing ray
Brighten to a perfect day.

Let the messengers of peace
Raise their voice, and never cease
Till the world from sin made free,
Shall unite to worship thee!

Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.

50

COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee:
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
By thy own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

51

WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.

Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

Oh, enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.

For he's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure:
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

52

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
See, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing;

For he shall have dominion
  O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion,
  Or dove's light wing can soar.

O'er every foe victorious,
  He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
  All blessing, and all-blest.
The tide of time shall never
  His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever,
  His great best name of Love.

53

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
  Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

To him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Fifth Sunday after Epiphany.

54

NOW may the mighty arm awake,
That wonders wrought in ancient days,
That Babylon's proud walls may shake,
And God his own fair temple raise.

Art thou not still the same, O God,
The same to hear, the same to save,
As when thy servant mov'd his rod
At thy command, and cleft the wave?

Is any thing too hard for thee,
For thee, whose arm is cloth'd with might?
Then let thy waiting people see
Thy pow'r displayed, a wondrous sight!

The pow'r that sets the pris'ner free,
That wipes the mourner's tears away;
The pow'r that makes the blind to see,
And turns the darkest night to day.

Shine, Lord, upon the world around,
To sinners let thy grace be giv'n;
So shall thy people's songs abound,
And angels feel new joy in heav'n.

55

SAVIOUR, hasten thine appearing,
Take thy waiting people home;
'Tis this hope, our spirits cheering
While we in the desert roam,
Makes thy people
Wait in peace till thou shalt come.

Lord, how long shall the creation
  Groan and travail sore in pain,
Waiting for its sure salvation,
  When thou shalt in glory reign,
    And like Eden
  This sad earth shall bloom again?

Quickly come, Almighty Saviour!
  Heaven and earth in one unite.
Make it known, that in thy favour
  There alone is life and light;
    When thou comest,
  We shall have unmixed delight.

56

LIGHT of those, whose dreary dwelling
  Borders on the shades of death;
Jesus, now thy love revealing,
  Scatter every cloud beneath.

Still we wait for thine appearing,
  For the joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our doubts, and cheering
  Every meek and contrite heart.

Show thy power in every nation,
  O thou Prince of peace and love!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
  Fix our hearts on things above.

By thine all-sufficient merit
  Every burden'd soul release:
By the presence of thy Spirit
  Guide us into perfect peace.

57

PRAISE the Lord, ye heavens adore him;
Praise him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars and light.

Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obey'd;
Laws that never shall be broken
For their guidance he hath made.

Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail:
God hath made his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name.

Sixth Sunday after Epiphany.

58

NOW let the trumpet's cheerful sound
Make known the welcome news abroad,
And to the world's remotest bound
Proclaim the jubilee of God;
The day appears,
To dry all tears;
The day to break th' oppressor's rod.

Ye slaves throughout the world, give ear,
  Ye who have sold yourselves for nought,
In Zion's sacred gates appear,
  And see what Zion's King has wrought;
    Behold he reigns!
    He breaks your chains,
  And sends you liberty unsought.

Come home, ye wand'rers, now come home,
  Receive the inheritance you sold;
The year of jubilee is come,
  The year by prophets long foretold;
    The truth believe,
    The gift receive:
  'Tis yours again, unbought with gold.

And now let cheerful songs arise
  From th' utmost limits of the earth:
The jubilee a theme supplies,
  A joyful theme of heav'nly birth;
    Let songs abound
    The world around,
  The season calls for sacred mirth.

59

YE servants of God, Your Master proclaim,
  And publish abroad His wonderful name;
The name all-victorious Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, And rules over all.

God ruleth on high, Almighty to save,
And still he is nigh, His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation To Jesus our King.

Salvation to God, Who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud, And honour the Son;
The praises of Jesus All angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, And worship the Lamb.

Then let us adore And give him his right,
All glory and power, All wisdom and might,
All honour and blessing With angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, And infinite love.

60

THEE, sovereign Lord, let all confess
That moves in earth, or air, or sky;
Revere thy power, thy goodness bless,
Tremble before thy piercing eye.
All ye who owe to him your birth,
In praise your every hour employ;
Jehovah reigns! be glad, O earth,
And shout, ye morning stars, for joy.

Son of our God's eternal love,
Take to thyself thy mighty power,
Let all earth's sons thy mercy prove,
Let all thy sovereign grace adore:
The triumph of thy love display,
In every heart reign thou alone,
Till all thy foes confess thy sway,
And glory ends what grace begun.

Spirit of grace, and health, and power,
Fountain of light and love below,
Abroad thy healing influence shower,
O'er all the nations let it flow;

Inflame our hearts with perfect love,
In us the work of grace fulfil,
So not heaven's host shall swifter move
Than we on earth to do thy will.

61

WHEN will the day arise
On our benighted race,
To shed on all below the skies,
The beams of saving grace?

The promise has been made
That all shall know thy name!
O grant to all thy needful aid,
Thy wand'ring flock reclaim.

Let earth's remotest bound
The joyful tidings hear,
That a Redeemer has been found
To bring salvation near.

O let thy grace complete
The work it has begun;
And put all foes beneath the feet
Of thy victorious Son.

Septuagesima Sunday.

62

GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sovereign King of kings,
And be his grace adored;
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his Name
Have endless praise.

How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He form'd the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heavenly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

63

AWAKE, our souls, away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone!
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on!

True, 'tis a straight and thorny road;
And mortal spirits tire and faint:
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.

From Thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode:
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

64

PRAISE the Lord, whose mighty wonders
  Earth, and air, and seas display;
Him, who high in tempests thunders,
  Him whom countless worlds obey.
In the eastern skies ascending,
  Praise him, glorious orb of day;
Ocean, round the globe extending,
  Praise him o'er thy boundless way.

Pines that crown the lofty mountains
  Bow in sign of worship low,
All ye secret springs and fountains
  Warble praises as ye flow:
Beasts, through nature's drear dominions,
  Praise him, where the wilds extend;
Praise him, birds, whose sounding pinions
  Up to heaven's gate ascend.

Man below, the lord of nature,
  Angel choirs in realms above,
Hymning, praise the great Creator,
  Praise th' eternal Fount of love.
Teach us, Lord, to sing thy glory,
  Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
  Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

65

O SPIRIT of the living God,
  In all the fulness of thy grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
  Descend upon our fallen race.

Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
  To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above
  Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

Be darkness at thy coming light;
  Confusion, order in thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might,
  Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

Baptize the nations far and nigh,
  The triumphs of the cross record:
The name of Jesus glorify,
  Till every kindred call him Lord.

Sexagesima Sunday.

66

OUR Maker and our King!
  What thanks to thee we owe!
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
  Whence all our blessings flow.

The creatures of thy hand—
  On thee alone we live;
O God! thy benefits demand
  More praise than tongue can give.

Thou! ever good and kind;
  Our best affections move;
With holy thoughts inspire our mind,
  And warm our hearts to love.

To succour those in need,
  Our grateful breasts incline;
Yet, let us never boast the deed—
  For all we give is thine.

67

AH, how shall fallen man
Be just before his God?
If He contend in righteousness
We sink beneath his rod.

If He our ways should mark
With strict enquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?

All-seeing, powerful God,
Who can with thee contend?
Or who that madly dares the strife,
Shall prosper in the end?

The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake.

Ah how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None, none can meet him and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

68

HOW bless'd are they whose hearts are pure,
From guile their spirits free;
To them shall God reveal himself,
They shall his glory see.

Their simple souls upon his word,
In fullest light of love,
Place all their trust, and ask no more
Than guidance from above.

They who in faith unmix'd with doubt
  Th' engrafted word receive,
Whom the first sign of heavenly power
  Persuades, and they believe;—

They, as they walk the painful world,
  See hidden glories rise;
Our God the sunshine of his love
  Unfolds before their eyes.

For them far greater things than these
  Doth Christ the Lord prepare;
Whose bliss no heart of man can reach,
  No human voice declare.

69

THOU art the Way—to thee alone
  From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
  Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

Thou art the Truth—thy word alone
  True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
  And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life—the rending tomb
  Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee,
  Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life,—
  Grant us that way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
  Whose joys eternal flow.

70

O GOD of love, how blest are they
  Who in thy ways delight!
Thy presence guides them all the day,
  And keeps them all the night.

Whene'er they faint, a mighty arm
  Is nigh them to uphold;
The world and Satan cannot harm
  The feeblest of thy fold.

The Lord is wise, the Lord is just,
  The Lord is good and true;
And they who on his promise trust,
  Will find it bear them through.

His word will stay their sinking heart;
  Their feet shall never slide:
The heavens dissolve, the earth departs:
  They safe in God abide.

71

THOU who dost make our wants thy care,
  Teach us the measure of our days;
Make us to know how frail we are,
And spend our moments to thy praise.

Our days are shorter than a span,
A little point our life appears;
How frail at best is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

Vain his ambition, noise, and show;
Vain are the cares which rack his mind;
He heaps up treasure mixed with woe,
And dies and leaves them all behind.

Oh be a better portion ours,
Thy grace to gain, thy wrath to flee;
To consecrate our time and powers,
And find our happiness in thee.

72

GUIDE us, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrims through this barren land;
We are weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold us with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed us till we want no more.

Open thou the living fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow:
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead us all our journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still our strength and shield.

When we tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid our anxious fears subside!
Bear us through th' o'erwhelming torrent,
Land us safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
We will ever give to thee.

73

FATHER divine, before thy view
All worlds, all creatures lie;
No distance can elude thy search,
No act escape thine eye:
Hear, gracious Lord, our mingled praises hear;
Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear!

From thee our vital breath we drew,
Our childhood was thy care;
And vigorous youth and feeble age
Thy kind protection share:
Hear, gracious Lord, our mingled praises hear;
Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear!

Whate'er we do, where'er we turn,
Thy ceaseless bounty flows;
Oppress'd with woe, when nature faints,
Thine arm is our repose:
Hear, gracious Lord, our mingled praises hear;
Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear!

To thee we look, thou Power supreme;
O still our wants supply!
Safe in thy presence may we live,
And in thy favour die!
Hear, gracious Lord, our mingled praises hear;
Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear!

Ash Wednesday.

74

A THOUSAND sins our hearts defile,
And fill them with distrust:
Lord, we abhor ourselves as vile,
Repentant in the dust.

Beneath the glance of thy pure eye,
  Our sins are brought to light:
Though hidden from ourselves, they lie
  Revealed in thy sight.

For righteous works we urge no plea,
  We ask for no reward;
As sinners we appeal to thee;
  Be merciful, O Lord!

Be merciful, our hearts revive,
  To yield thee service meet;
And make us humbly, while we live,
  To worship at thy feet.

75

THOU sinner's Advocate with God,
  Our only trust is in thy blood!
  Thou all-atoning Lamb,
The virtue of thy death impart,
Speak comfort to our drooping heart,
  And tell us of thy name!

Give us thy pard'ning love to feel,
And freely our backslidings heal,
  Repair our faith's decay;
Restore the sweetness of thy grace,
Reveal the glories of thy face,
  And take our sins away.

Speak, Lord, and let us find thee near!
O come and dissipate our fear!
  Declare our sins forgiven.
Return, thou Prince of Peace! Return,
Thou Comforter of all that mourn,
  And guide us safe to heaven!

76

OUT of the depths of self-despair
To thee, O Lord, we cry;
Our misery mark, attend our prayer,
And bring deliverance nigh.

If strict thy judgment and severe,
Who may the test abide?
Where shall our sinful souls appear,
Or how be justified?

But there is mercy, Lord, with thee,
That sinners may adore,
With filial love thy goodness see,
And never grieve thee more.

Ye trembling souls, confide in God;
Mercy with him remains;
And cleansing, through a Saviour's blood,
From all your guilty stains.

77

COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

Long has the night of sorrow reign'd,
The dawn shall bring us light;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in his sight.

Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know him and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs his voice.

So shall his presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallow'd morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

First Sunday in Lent.

78

WHAT shall the dying sinner do,
That seeks relief for all his woe?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of his mind?

How shall we have our crimes forgiv'n,
Or form our nature fit for heav'n?
Defiled as we are with sin,
Can we our guilty souls make clean?

In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh;
In him the pow'r and mercy dwell
To save rebellious souls from hell.

This is the pillar of our hope,
This bears our fainting spirits up:
We read the grace and trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.

79

O LORD, turn not thy face away
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life
With tears and bitter cry;
Thy mercy gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin:
O shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.

We need not to confess our fault,
  For surely thou canst tell;
What we have done, and what we are,
  Thou knowest, Lord, full well;
Wherefore to beg and to entreat
  With tears we come to thee,
As children that have done amiss
  Fall at their father's knee.

And need we, then, O Lord, repeat
  The blessing which we crave,
When thou dost know, before we speak,
  The thing that we would have?
Mercy, O Lord, mercy we seek;
  This is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer;
  O let thy mercy come!

80

THE God of Abraham praise,
  Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
    And God of love!
  Jehovah! Great I AM!
  By earth and heaven confess'd:
We bow and own thy sacred name,
    For ever bless'd.

  The God of Abraham praise,
  At whose supreme command
From earth we rise, and seek the joys
    At his right hand.
  We all on earth forsake,
  Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him our only portion make,
    Our shield and tower.

The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide us through the wilderness,
To see his face.
He is our faithful friend;
He is our gracious God;
And He will save us to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

He by himself hath sworn,
We on his oath depend:
We shall, on eagle-wings upborne,
To heaven ascend.
We shall behold his face,
We shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

81

FROM Calvary's cross a fountain flows,
Of water and of blood,
More healing than Bethesda's pool,
Or famed Siloam's flood.

The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may sinners vile as he
Wash all their guilt away.

Nor shall that fountain's sacred stream
Lose its all-cleansing power,
Till the whole ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd, to sin no more.

Jesus, the virtue of thy blood
To all our souls apply;
Grant that to thee we henceforth live,
With thee to sin may die:

Till with the saints at thy right hand,
  Who dwell in light above,
We cast our crowns before thy throne,
  And sing thy boundless love.

Second Sunday in Lent.

82

FATHER, again in Jesus' name we meet,
  And bow in penitence beneath thy feet;
Again to thee our feeble voices raise,
To sue for mercy and to sing thy praise.

Lord, we would bless thee for thy ceaseless care,
And all thy work from day to day declare;
Is not our life with early mercies crown'd?
Does not thine arm encircle us around?

Alas! unworthy of thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from thee we rove;
But now, encouraged by thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners to a Father's home.

Oh, by that name in whom all fulness dwells,
Oh, by that love which every love excels,
Oh, by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest mercy's gate, and take us in.

83

FAR from Zion, far from home,
  Christians, here a captive band,
Like despised strangers roam,
Mindful of their native land.

Sin and guilt the sigh compel,
While they drag the bondage chain;
Earth and sense, and powers of hell,
First allure, and then disdain.

How shall we oppress'd on earth,
Raise our thoughts to joys above,
Tune our hearts to sacred mirth,
Triumph in the Saviour's love?

Yet shall Zion's endless rest
Still our thoughts and songs employ;
Dearer to our longing breast
Than the brightest scenes of joy.

84

COME, weary souls, with sin distress'd
Come, and accept the promis'd rest!
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away!

Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
O come, and spread your woes abroad!
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

Here mercy's boundless ocean flows
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift! how free the grace!

Lord, we accept with thankful heart
The hope thy gracious words impart!
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice!

Dear Saviour, let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove,
And sweetly influence ev'ry breast,
And guide us to eternal rest!

85

RETURN, and come to God,
Cast all your sins away;
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood;
Repent, believe, obey!

Say not ye cannot come;
For Jesus bled and died,
That none that ask in humble faith
Should ever be denied.

Say not ye will not come;
'Tis God vouchsafes to call,
And fearful will their end be found,
On whom his wrath shall fall.

Come, then, whoever will;
Come, while 'tis call'd to-day,
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood;
Repent, believe, obey!

Third Sunday in Lent.

86

SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive!
Lord, let repenting sinners live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not the guilty trust in thee?

Our crimes, though great, do not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
O wash our souls from every sin,
And make our guilty conscience clean!

Our lips with shame our sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgment be severe,
We are condemned, but thou art clear.

Yet save us, trembling sinners, Lord,
Whose hope still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

87

PRIS'NERS of hope, arise,
And see your Lord appear!
Lo! on the wings of love he flies,
And brings redemption near.

Redemption in his blood
He calls you to receive:
"Look unto me, the pard'ning God;
"Believe," he cries, "believe!"

Jesus, to thee we look,
Till sav'd from sin's remains;
Reject the inbred tyrant's yoke,
And cast away his chains!

Our nature shall no more
O'er us dominion have;
By faith we apprehend the power
Which shall for ever save.

88

BEHOLD the Lamb of God, who bore
Thy burden on the tree,
And paid in blood the dreadful score,
O sinner, due to thee.

Look to him, till the sight endears
The Saviour to thy heart;
His pierced feet bedew with tears,
Nor from his cross depart.

Look to him, till his dying love
Thy every thought control;
Its vast constraining influence prove
O'er body, spirit, soul.

Look to him, as the race you run,
Your never-failing friend;
He will complete the work begun,
And grace in glory end.

89

COME, ye weary sinners, come,
All who groan to bear your load;
Jesus calls his wand'rers home,
Hasten to your pard'ning God.

Come, ye guilty spirits oppress'd,
Answer to your Saviour's call;
Come, and he will give you rest,
Come, and he will save you all.

Burden'd with a world of grief,
Burden'd with our sinful load,
Burden'd with our unbelief,
Burden'd with the wrath of God;

Lord, we come to thee for ease,
True and gracious as thou art!
Now our trembling souls release,
Write forgiveness on our heart.

Fourth Sunday in Lent.

90

ALMIGHTY God, the pure, the just!
How shall we dare approach thy throne,
When, humbly prostrate in the dust,
Our guilt with trembling lips we own?

Thy sons in name, to thee baptized,
And blest with thy protecting care,
How oft have we thy love despised,
Or mocked thee with the heartless prayer!

But thou hast bid us turn and live,
And stayed thy wrath with long delay;
And wilt thou with the sinners strive,
Yet spurn the penitent away?

O Lamb of God, for sinners slain!
Renew our hearts, our sins forgive;
So, cleansed from every guilty stain,
Our grateful souls to thee shall live.

91

BLEST are they who mourn for sin,
With godly sorrow mourn;
Who know its guilt, and feel its weight
Too heavy to be borne.

So Ephraim moan'd his lost estate,
  Oppress'd with conscious fears;
So Mary kiss'd her Saviour's feet,
  And wash'd them with her tears.

When sinners thus behold their guilt,
  And tremble at the sight,
Christ sees the travail of his soul,
  And sees it with delight.

Though red like crimson are their sins,
  He makes them white as snow;
Though far as east from west they reach,
  Farther his mercies flow.

92

PREPARE a thankful song
  To the Redeemer's name:
His praises should employ each tongue,
  And ev'ry heart inflame.

He laid his glories by,
  And shame and death endured,
And rose that rebels doom'd to die,
  From wrath might be secured.

The Holy Ghost he sends,
  Our stubborn wills to move,
To make his enemies his friends,
  And conquer them by love.

O may we not refuse
  Such rich unbounded grace;
Nor Satan's bondage longer choose,
  But seek the Saviour's face!

93

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Come in mercy's gracious hour;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power;
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

Ho! ye needy; come, and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

Fifth Sunday in Lent.

94

GOD of our life, to thee we call,
Afflicted at thy feet we fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail.

Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where shall we pour our sad complaint?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

Did ever sinner plead with thee,
And thou reject his lowly plea?
Does not thy word still pledged remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

Then hear, O Lord, our humble cry,
And bend on us thy pitying eye!
To thee our contrite prayer we make:
Hear us, O hear, for Jesus' sake!

95

LOST in the wildering maze of sin,
And far from God astray,
The wicked, lured by Satan's arts,
Pursue their evil way.

From day to day they sigh for rest,
But all their search is vain;
They seek for life amid the dead,
For joy where sorrows reign.

Estranged from thee; thou God of love,
What peace can sinners find?
What, but the phantom Satan gives,
To lure the captive mind?

The wicked like the troubled sea,
In restless motion rage;
And with their conscience and with thee,
Unceasing warfare wage.

Till thou direct our feet aright,
  And guide us by thy love;
From heaven and peace, and safety far,
  Our wandering footsteps rove.

When faith uplifting meek her eye,
  Beholds thine anger cease,
And grace inspires the hope of heaven,
  Then only we have peace.

96

ETERNAL Spirit! God of truth!
  Our sinful hearts inspire;
Kindle the flame of heav'nly love,
  And feed the pure desire.

'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing soul
  With Satan's yoke oppress'd;
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
  And give the weary rest.

Let no false joy deceive our minds;
  Lest, while we boast thy light,
We fall from our delusive hopes,
  Into eternal night.

Subdue the power of ev'ry sin,
  Whate'er that sin may be;
That we, in singleness of heart,
  May truly worship thee.

Then will our spirits witness bear,
  That we are sons of God;
Redeem'd from sin, and death, and hell,
  Through Christ's atoning blood.

97

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God your Maker asks you why?
He who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.

Sinners, turn, why will you die?
Christ, the Saviour, asks you why?
He who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that you might live.

Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God the Spirit asks you why?
He who all your lives hath striv'n,
That he might more grace have giv'n.

Sinners, cast away your sin,
Make you a new heart within;
Grace and peace your God will give;
Sinners, turn, and ye shall live.

Sunday before Easter.

98

SEE what unbounded zeal and love
Inspired the Saviour's breast,
When steadfast towards Jerusalem
His urgent way he press'd.

With all his suff'rings full in view,
Our sorrows to remove,
Forth to the work his spirit flew,
Impell'd by heav'nly love.

Prepare our hearts to love thee, Lord,
  Who all our griefs hast borne;
Prostrate we fall before thy cross;
  And look on thee, and mourn.

Yet while we mourn, may we rejoice;
  And as thy cross we see,
May each exclaim in faith and hope,
  "The Saviour died for me."

99

RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
  In lowly pomp ride on to die!
Oh Christ! thy triumphs now begin
  O'er captive death and conquer'd sin!

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
To see the approaching sacrifice!

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on his sapphire throne
Expects his own anointed Son!

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain!
Then take, O God! thy power, and reign!

100

HOSANNA to the living Lord!
  Hosanna to the incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing!
    Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

Hosanna, Lord! thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound;
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

Oh, Saviour! with protecting care,
Return to this thy house of prayer!
Assembled in thy sacred name,
Where we thy parting promise claim!
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
Eternal! bid thy Spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy thee!
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeem'd from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

101

GLORY, praise, and honour be,
Christ our Lord, alone to thee,
Thee, to whom, their heavenly King,
Children loud hosannas sing.

Thee the sons of Salem greet,
Thee with palms go forth to meet;
Thee with hymn, and prayer, and vow,
We rejoice to welcome now.

On thy road to suffering, they
Sought the meed of praise to pay;
We upraise, O Lord, to thee,
High enthroned, our melody.

Ours be conquest pure and calm,
Lifted hearts our boughs of palm;
While our voices sing to thee
This our song of victory.

Honour, glory, love, and praise,
Be through never-ending days,
To the Father and the Son,
And the Spirit, three in one.

Good Friday.

102

THE morning dawns upon the place
Where Jesus spent the night in prayer:
Sorrows unknown have marred his face;
Nor form nor comeliness is there.

See him, by those he called his own,
Betrayed, forsaken, and denied!
To judgment brought, he stands alone,—
Arraigned, condemned, and crucified.

He dies! the veil is rent in twain;
Darkness o'er all the land is spread;
In every bosom terrors reign;
Earth quakes, the graves give up their dead.

"Truly this was the Son of God!"
To him let sinners turn their eyes;
Lo! bruised beneath his Father's rod,
Not for himself, for us he dies!

103

THE rocks are rent, the earth doth quake,
The slumberers of the grave awake,
The temple-vail is rent in twain,
For Christ our sacrifice is slain.

The mighty One, the Son of God,
Meekly hath kiss'd his Father's rod,
That we might by his stripes be heal'd,
Our pardon by his blood be seal'd.

O let us cast each sin away,
Which thus the Lord of Life could slay;
With contrite heart and mournful eye
Behold the Saviour's Cross on high.

So may we swell that song of love,
Which holy angels chant above,
'All honour, praise, and power to thee,
Blest Lamb, through all eternity!'

104

BEHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb,
With wonder, gratitude, and love!
To take away our guilt and shame,
See him descending from above.

Our sins and griefs on him were laid;
He meekly bore the mighty load;
Our ransom price he fully paid,
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.

To save the guilty world he dies:
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb!
To him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in his name.

Pardon and peace thro' him abound!
He can the richest blessings give;
Salvation in his name is found,
He bids the dying sinner live.

Jesus, our Lord, we look to thee;
Where else can helpless sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set us free
From all our wretchedness and woe.

105

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See it, rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
"It is finish'd!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry!

"It is finish'd!" O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
"It is finish'd!"
Saints, the dying words record!

Finish'd, all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law!
Finish'd, all that God had promis'd;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
"It is finish'd!"
Saints, from hence your comfort draw!

Tune your harps anew, ye Seraphs!
Join to sing the pleasing theme!
All in earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name!
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

106

'TIS finish'd, so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bow'd his head and died;
'Tis finish'd—yes, the work is done,
The battle fought, the victory won.

'Tis finish'd—all that heaven decreed,
And all that ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfill'd, as long design'd,
In Christ the Saviour of mankind.

'Tis finish'd—Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore;
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.

'Tis finish'd—Jesu's dying groan
For all transgressions shall atone;
Millions of souls are saved from death
By this his last expiring breath.

'Tis finish'd—Heaven is reconcil'd,
And all the powers of darkness spoil'd;
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return, and dwell with sinful men.

'Tis finish'd—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
'Tis finish'd—let the echo fly
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

Easter Day.

107

THE happy morn is come;
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Omnipotent to save:
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth who was dead.

Who now accuseth them,
For whom their Surety died?
Who now shall those condemn,
Whom God hath justified?
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth who was dead.

Christ hath the ransom paid;
The glorious work is done:
On him our help is laid,
By him our victory won:
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth who was dead.

108

IN triumph clap your hands,
And swell the joyful lay,
And tell to distant lands
That Christ is raised to-day.
His Name adore
In sweetest strains;
Messiah reigns,
And dies no more.

Angels the seal have cleft,
And roll'd away the stone:
The grave of tenant reft,
Proclaims salvation won.
The strife is o'er
With hell and death;
His vital breath
Shall cease no more.

Again our hearts rejoice,
And all our troubles cease;
Again his gentle voice
We hear, in tones of peace.
Messiah reigns
For evermore;
In highest strains
His Name adore.

109

"CHRIST the Lord is ris'n to day,"
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing ye heav'ns, thou earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath open'd paradise.

Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save:
Where's thy victory, O Grave?

Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Hail, thou Lord of earth and heav'n,
Praise to thee by both be giv'n:
Thee we greet triumphant now;
Hail the Resurrection, Thou!

110

JESUS lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us;
Jesus lives! by this we know,
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthral us.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! for us he died:
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! to him the throne
Far above all power is given:
We may go where he is gone,
Rest and reign with him in heaven!
Alleluia!

Praise the Father; praise the Son,
  Who to us new life hath given;
Praise the Spirit, Three in One,
  All in earth, and all in heaven.
  Alleluia! Amen.

111

OH joyful sound! oh glorious hour!
  When Jesus, by almighty power,
  Revived and left the grave:
In all his works behold him great!
Before, almighty to create,
  Almighty now, to save!

The first-begotten from the dead!
Behold him risen, his people's Head,
  To make their life secure:
They too, like him, shall yield their breath;
Like him, shall burst the bands of death,
  Their resurrection sure.

Why should his servants now be sad?
None have such reason to be glad
  As those redeem'd to God:
Jesus, the mighty Saviour, lives;
To them eternal life he gives,
  The purchase of his blood.

Why should his servants fear the grave,
Since Jesus will their spirits save,
  And wake their sleeping dust?
What though this earthly house shall fail,
Almighty power will yet prevail,
  And tombs resign their trust.

112

THE Saviour lives, no more to die,
The Lord of heaven enthroned on high;
He lives, triumphant o'er the grave;
His saints eternally to save.

He lives, to banish all our fears,
To bless our faith and dry our tears;
He cheers our faint and troubled hearts,
And all we need to us imparts.

He lives, all glory to his name,
In goodness, as in power the same;
He 's gone our mansion to prepare,
And he will bring us safely there.

Still will our great unchanging Lord
All grace and peace to us afford,
Till in his presence we adore,
And reign with him for evermore.

113

HAIL the day, so bright in glory,
When the great Redeemer rose!
Hail the day, when saints adore thee,
Day of rest and calm repose!
By Jehovah's grace allotted
All his wonders to display,
Now, to holy joy devoted,
Prayer and praise shall fill the day.

Shout Hosanna to the Saviour,
In your noblest strains below!
Life eternal, endless favour,
From his cross, and vict'ry flow;
Let thine ear in mercy bending,
Great Redeemer, hear our cries!
And, thy richest grace descending,
Bless thy church with full supplies!

Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,
  Thee our God in praise we own!
Highest honours never failing
  Rise eternal round thy throne!
Now, ye saints, his power confessing,
  In your grateful strains adore!
For his mercy, never ceasing,
  Flows and flows for evermore.

First Sunday after Easter.

114

PASCHAL Lamb, by God appointed,
  All our sins on thee were laid!
By Almighty love anointed,
  Thou hast full atonement made!
All thy people are forgiven
  Through the virtue of thy blood!
Open'd is the gate of heaven!
  Peace is made 'twixt man and God!

Jesus, hail! enthron'd in glory,
  There for ever to abide!
All the heavenly host adore thee,
  Seated at thy Father's side!
There for sinners thou art pleading,
  There thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding,
  Till in glory we appear.

Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
  Thou art worthy to receive!
Loudest praises without ceasing,
  Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
  Bring your sweetest, noblest lays!
Help to sing our Saviour's merits!
  Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

115

SING praise! the tomb is void
Where the Redeemer lay;
Sing of our bonds destroy'd,
Our darkness turn'd to day.

He who, so patiently,
The crown of thorns did wear,—
He hath gone up on high;
Our hope is with him there.

Now is his truth reveal'd,
His majesty and might;
The grave has been unseal'd;
Christ is our life and light.

He who for men did weep,
Suffer, and bleed, and die,—
First-fruits of them that sleep,—
Christ has gone up on high.

His victory hath destroy'd
The shafts that once could slay:
Sing praise! the tomb is void
Where the Redeemer lay.

116

SONS of Zion, raise your songs,
Praise to Zion's king belongs;
His the Victor's crown and fame,
Glory to the Saviour's name!

Sore the strife, but rich the prize,
Precious in the Victor's eyes;
Glorious is the work achieved,
Satan vanquish'd, man relieved.

Sing we then the Victor's praise,
Go ye forth and strew the ways;
Bid him welcome to his throne,
He is worthy, he alone.

Place the crown upon his brow;
Ev'ry knee to him shall bow;
Him the brightest seraph sings,
Heaven proclaims him "King of kings."

117

SHOUT ye people, clap your hands,
To the Saviour's glory sing;
Wake ye dark and sleeping lands,
Wake to hail your God and King.

Lo, his Church shall flourish on,
Till the world shall own his sway;
Forth to conquest Christ is gone,
Who his glorious course shall stay?

Praise then to the mighty Lord,
Praise to our triumphant King;
All that live, with glad accord
To his feet your honours bring.

Princes humbly bow the knee,
Nations to his footstool flow;
Lord He is in heaven, and He
Shall be Lord of all below.

Second Sunday after Easter.

118

WE sing his love who once was slain,
But soon from death revived again,
That all his saints in him might have
Eternal victory o'er the grave.

The saints, who now in Jesus sleep,
His own almighty power shall keep,
'Till dawns the bright illustrious day,
When death itself shall die away.

How loud shall our glad voices sing,
When Christ his risen saints shall bring
From beds of dust and silent clay,
To realms of everlasting day.

When Jesus we in glory meet,
Our utmost joys shall be complete;
When landed on that heavenly shore,
Death, the last foe, shall be no more.

Hasten, O Lord, the happy day,
Which shall this glorious scene display:
Soon may the trumpet sound, and we
Arise to immortality.

119

"WHO is this that comes from Edom?"
All his raiment stain'd with blood,
To the slave proclaiming freedom,
Bringing and bestowing good;
Glorious in the garb he wears,
Glorious in the spoils he bears.

'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
Trav'lling onward in his might;
'Tis the Saviour, O how glorious
To his people is the sight!
Jesus now is strong to save,
Mighty to redeem the slave.

Why that blood his raiment staining?
  'Tis the blood of many slain;
Of his foes there's none remaining,
  None the contest to maintain;
Fall'n they are, no more to rise,
All their glory prostrate lies.

This the Saviour has effected
  By his mighty arm alone;
See the throne for him erected,
  'Tis an everlasting throne;
'Tis the great reward he gains,
Glorious fruit of all his pains.

Mighty Victor, reign for ever,
  Wear the crown so dearly won;
Never shall thy people, never
  Cease to sing what thou hast done:
Thou hast fought thy people's foes;
Thou wilt heal thy people's woes.

120

CROWNS of glory, ever bright,
  Rest upon the Victor's head:
Crowns of glory are his right,
His "who liveth and was dead."

Jesus fought and won the day;
Such a day was never fought;
Well his people now may say,
See what God, our God, has wrought.

He subdued the powers of hell;
In the fight he stood alone;
All his foes before him fell,
By his single arm o'erthrown.

They have fall'n to rise no more:
Final is the foe's defeat:
Jesus triumph'd by his pow'r,
And his triumph is complete.

His the fight, the arduous toil;
His the honours of the day!
His the glory and the spoil;
Jesus bears them all away!

Now proclaim his deeds afar;
Fill the world with his renown:
His alone the victor's car;
His the everlasting crown.

121

GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour!
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray!

Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraign'd;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs his soul sustain'd!
Shun not suff'ring, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross!

Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finish'd!" hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb,
  Where they laid his breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom,—
  Who hath taken him away?
Christ is risen! he meets our eyes;
Saviour, teach us so to rise!

Third Sunday after Easter.

122

TO our Redeemer's glorious Name
  Awake the sacred song!
Oh! may his love, immortal flame,
  Tune every heart and tongue.

His love! what mortal thought can reach?
  What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
  In wonder dies away.

He left his radiant throne on high,
  Left the bright realms of bliss;
And came on earth to bleed and die!—
  Was ever love like this?

O Lord! while we adoring pay
  Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say—
  The Saviour died for me.

123

THOU very Paschal Lamb,
  Whose blood for us was shed,
Through whom we out of Egypt came,
  Thy ransom'd people lead!

Angel of gospel grace,
Fulfil thy character!
To guard and feed the chosen race,
In Israel's camp appear!

Throughout the desert way,
Conduct us by thy light!
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night!

Our fainting souls sustain
With blessings from above,
And ever on thy people rain
The manna of thy love!

124

THY Cross, thou Saviour of the lost,
Shall be our everlasting boast;
Thy death hath made it gain to die,
We triumph through thine agony.

What wondrous cause could make thee give
Thy life, that the accurs'd might live,
Well knowing that we still should be
So cold, so thankless unto thee?

Thy love, thy matchless love alone,
Could make thee for our sins atone;
None but thyself could love so well,
Or bear our curse, or save from hell.

Jesus our Lord, no tongue can say
The debt we owe, no love can pay;
Oh, take the hearts which thou hast bought,
And rule each action, word, and thought.

125

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name!

Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above,
For us whose sins he bore!

Ye pilgrims on the road
To Sion's city, sing!
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
In Christ th' eternal King!

Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will he call us hence away
To our eternal home.

There shall our raptur'd tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

Fourth Sunday after Easter.

126

ALL hail, the power of Jesu's Name!
Let angels prostrate fall!
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all!

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all!

Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
  The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
  And crown him Lord of all!

Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
  On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
  And crown him Lord of all!

O that with yonder sacred throng,
  We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
  And crown him Lord of all!

127

GO, worship at Immanuel's feet,
  See in his face what wonders meet:
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

Is he compared to wine or bread?
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed!
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.

Is he a rock? How firm he proves!
The Rock of Ages never moves;
Yet the sweet streams, that from him flow,
Attend us all the desert through.

Is he design'd a corner-stone,
For men to build their heav'n upon?
We'll make him our foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.

Is he a sun? His beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness;
Nations rejoice, when he appears
To chase their clouds and dry their tears.

Oh, let us climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise!
There he displays his power abroad,
And shines and reigns th' incarnate God.

128

THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight:
Hear us, we humbly pray;
And where the Gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
"Let there be light!"

Thou, who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind
"Let there be light!"

Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight!
Move o'er the waters' face
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
"Let there be light!"

Blessed and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
  Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as Ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
O'er the world, far and wide,
  "Let there be light!"

129

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
When before the Cross we fall,
Life, and health, and peace possessing
  In his death, who died for all.

Rest we here, for ever viewing
  Mercy's streams in streams of blood,
Precious drops our souls bedewing,
  Plead and claim our peace with God.

O how blessed is the station,
  Low before his Cross to lie,
While we see divine compassion
  Beaming from his pitying eye.

Lord, in holy adoration,
  Fix our hearts and eyes on thee,
Till we taste thy whole salvation,
  And unveil'd thy glory see.

Fifth Sunday after Easter.

130

WE sing of him who died,
  Who died in love to us;
The Lord of life was crucified;
  He saved his people thus.

This proof of love he gave;
  No greater could be giv'n;
He shed his precious blood to save
  And bring his saints to heav'n.

Redeem'd from earth and hell,
  And made the heirs of heav'n;
How much they owe, what tongue can tell,
  Whose sins are all forgiv'n?

A glorious hope they have;
  A hope that grace supplies;
A hope that looks beyond the grave,
  Of joy that never dies.

Exalt we then his Name,
  Whom all in heav'n adore;
And let us join to praise the Lamb,
  The Lamb for evermore.

131

'TIS sweet to think of those at rest,
  Who sleep in Christ the Lord;
Whose spirits now with him are blest,
  According to his word.

They once were pilgrims here with us,
  In Jesus now they sleep;
And we, for them while resting thus,
  As hopeless, cannot weep.

The Lord, who died, in triumph rose,
  Victorious o'er the tomb;
E'en so we know, that with him, those
  Who sleep in him will come.

How bright the resurrection-morn
  On all the saints will break!
The Lord himself will then return,
  His ransom'd church to take.

The rais'd and living saints will meet;
  And, grief and care removed,
What joy 'twill be to us, to greet
  Each saint whom here we've loved.

Our Lord himself we then shall see,
  Whose blood for us was shed;
With him for ever shall we be,
  Made like our glorious Head.

We cannot rest upon the tomb;—
  The resurrection-day
To faith shines bright beyond its gloom,
  Christ's glory to display.

132

SING, sing his lofty praise,
  Whom angels cannot raise,
    But whom they sing;
Jesus, who reigns above,
Object of angels' love,
Jesus, whose grace we prove,
    Jesus, our King.

Once upon earth he was,
Sin the mysterious cause;
    Love brought him down:
Was ever love like his?
Stronger than death it is;
Was ever sight like this?
    His be the crown.

Jesus the curse sustain'd,
Bitter the cup he drain'd,
Happy for us:
Angels were fill'd with awe,
When their own King they saw
Honour his holy law,
Honour it thus.

Rich is the grace we sing,
Poor is the praise we bring,
Not as we ought:
But when we see his face
In yonder glorious place,
Then shall we sing his grace,
Sing without fault.

Hail our eternal King!
Jesus, whose Name we sing,
Heaven is thy throne!
Heav'n, where thine angels are,
Where all is bright and fair;
Reign thou for ever there,
Reign thou alone!

133

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne!
Prepare new honours for his Name,
And songs before unknown!

Let elders worship at his feet,
The Church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

Now to the Lamb that once was slain
  Be endless blessings paid!
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
  For ever on thy head!

Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
  Hast set the pris'ners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
  And we shall reign with thee.

Ascension Day.

134

THE Lord ascendeth up on high,
  The Lord hath triumph'd gloriously,
  In power and might excelling:
Hell and the grave are captive led,
Lo! he returns our glorious Head,
  To his eternal dwelling.

The heavens with joy receive their Lord,
By saints, by angel hosts adored;
  O day of exultation!
O earth, confess thy glorious King,
His rising, his ascension sing,
  With grateful adoration.

Draw all our hearts, O Lord, to thee,
Our minds from every burden free
  Of earthly care and pleasure;
And when our mortal days shall end,
Oh, may our souls to thee ascend,
  Our everlasting treasure!

135

THE eternal gates lift up their heads,
The doors are open'd wide,
The King of Glory is gone up
Unto his Father's side.

Thou art gone in before us, Lord,
Thou hast prepared a place,
That we may be where now thou art,
And look upon thy face.

And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies;
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veils thee from our eyes.

Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
And let thy grace be given,
That while we linger yet below,
Our treasure be in heaven.

That where thou art at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be:
Dwell in us now, that we may dwell
For evermore in thee.

136

HAIL the day that sees him rise
Glorious to his native skies!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Enters now the gates of heaven.

There the glorious triumph waits:
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Christ hath vanquish'd death and sin:
Take the King of Glory in.

See, the heaven its Lord receives;
Yet he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

Still for us he intercedes;
His prevailing death he pleads;
Near himself prepares our place,
Great Forerunner of our race.

137

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above!
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns the God of love:
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

Well may angels bright and glorious
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While on earth he proved victorious:
Now he bears a matchless name:
Well may angels sing of him,
Heaven supplies no richer theme.

Come, ye saints, unite your praises
With the angels round his throne!
Soon we hope our Lord will raise us
To the place where he is gone:
Meet it is that we should sing,
Glory, glory to our King!

Sing how Jesus came from heaven,
How he bore the cross below;
How all power to him is given;
How he reigns in glory now:
'Tis a great and endless theme:
Oh 'tis sweet to sing of him!

138

REJOICE! the Lord is King!
Your God and King adore:
Loud Alleluias sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say rejoice!

The mighty Saviour reigns;
The God of power and love;
Who, having borne our sins,
Rose to his throne above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say rejoice!

His kingdom cannot fail:
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Into his hands are given.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say rejoice!

Rejoice in glorious hope,
The Saviour soon will come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the Archangel's voice;
Rejoice, again I say rejoice!

Sunday after Ascension.

139

OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high:
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

There his triumphant chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene!
He claims those mansions as his right;
Receive the King of Glory in!

Who is the King of Glory? Who?
The Lord, of glorious power possess'd;
The King of saints, and angels too;
God over all, for ever blest!

140

GOD is gone up on high
With a triumphant noise!
The legions of the sky
Proclaim their mighty joys:
Join, Christians, all! rejoice and sing!
And glory give to Christ, your King!

All power to our great Lord
Is by the Father given;
By angel hosts adored,
He reigns supreme in heaven:
Join, Christians, all! rejoice and sing!
And glory give to Christ, your King!

High on his holy seat,
He bears the righteous sway;
His foes beneath his feet
Shall sink and melt away:
Join, Christians, all! rejoice and sing!
And glory give to Christ, your King!

His foes and ours are one,
  Satan, the world, and sin:
But he shall tread them down,
  And bring his kingdom in:
Join, Christians, all! rejoice and sing!
And glory give to Christ, your King!

Till the whole earth, renew'd
  In righteousness divine,
With all the hosts of God
  In one great chorus join:
And all mankind rejoice and sing,
And glory give to Christ, their King.

141

THOU art the everlasting Word,
  The Father's only Son;
God manifestly seen and heard,
  And heaven's beloved One.
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art thou,
That every knee to thee should bow.

In thee most perfectly express'd,
  The Father's glories shine;
Of the full Deity possess'd,
  Eternally divine!
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art thou,
That every knee to thee should bow.

True Image of the Infinite,
  Whose essence is conceal'd;
Brightness of uncreated light;
  The heart of God reveal'd:
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art thou,
That every knee to thee should bow.

Throughout the universe of bliss,
  The centre, thou, and sun;
The eternal theme of praise is this
  To heaven's beloved One:
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art thou,
That every knee to thee should bow.

142

THOU art gone up on high,
  To mansions in the skies;
And round thy throne unceasingly
  The songs of praise arise.
But we are lingering here,
  With sin and care oppress'd;
Lord, send thy promised Comforter,
  And lead us to our rest.

Thou art gone up on high,
  But thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
  To pass unto thy crown;
And girt with griefs and fears
  Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
  Lead us at last to thee.

Thou art gone up on high;
  But thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
  Attendant in thy train.
Oh! by thy saving power,
  So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
  At thy right hand on high.

Whit-Sunday.

143

HE comes! Let ev'ry knee be bent,
Each heart prepare him room;
While saints proclaim with one consent,
"The Comforter is come."

What greater gift of heavenly love,
Could God on man bestow?
To guide him to his rest above,
To cheer his path below?

O blessed Spirit! on each soul
Thy sacred influence pour:
Do thou each sinful thought controul,
Each wand'ring foot restore.

Upon our inward conscience write
The law of life divine;
Strengthen us with thy saving might,
And keep us ever thine.

144

COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel all sorrow from our minds,
All darkness from our eyes.

Convince us all of sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The mercies of our God.

Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on ev'ry part,
And new-create the whole.

Come, Lord, within us dwell,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

145

SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,
Shed thy sweet influence from above;
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.

In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's amazing glory sung;
And let the list'ning earth be taught
The acts our great Redeemer wrought.

Unfailing Comforter and Guide!
Still o'er thy ransom'd Church preside:
Still may mankind thy blessings prove—
Spirit of mercy, truth and love!

Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by thee;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe.

146

LET songs of praises fill the sky!
Christ, our ascended Lord,
Sends down his Spirit from on high,
According to his word.
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!

The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
  New life creates within;
He quickens sinners from the death
  Of trespasses and sin.
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!

The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
  And shews them unto men;
The fallen soul his temple makes;
  God's image stamps again.
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!

Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
  With thy celestial fire;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love
  Our hearts and tongues inspire.
Be this our day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!

147

SPIRIT of truth, thy grace impart,
  To guide our doubtful way;
Thy beams shall scatter every cloud,
  And make a glorious day.

Light in thy light O may we see,
  Thy grace and mercy prove,
Revived and cheer'd and bless'd by Thee,
  Spirit of peace and love!

'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
  With guilt and fear opprest;
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
  And give the weary rest.

Subdue the power of every sin,
  Whate'er that sin may be;
That we in singleness of heart
  May worship only thee.

Trinity Sunday.

148

HOLY, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!
  Early in the morning our song shall rise
    to thee;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty,
  God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore thee,
  Casting down their golden crowns around
    the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim, falling down before
    thee,
  Which wert, and art, and evermore shall be.

Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide
    thee,
  Though the eye of sinful man thy glory
    may not see,
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee,
  Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!
  All thy works shall praise thy name, in
    earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty,
  God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

149

FATHER of heav'n, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
To thee, great God! the song we raise;
Thee, for thy pard'ning love, we praise.

Almighty Son! Incarnate Word!
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
To thee, great God! the song we raise;
Thee, for thy saving mercy, praise.

Eternal Spirit! by whose breath
The soul is rais'd from sin and death,
To thee, great God! the song we raise;
Thee, for thy quick'ning power, we praise.

Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
To thee our hearts, our songs, we raise;
Thee only we adore, and praise!

150

WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above;
He sent his own Eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.

To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe;
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

To God the Spirit's name,
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live;
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

Almighty God, to thee
Be endless honour done,
The sacred Persons Three,
The power and Godhead One:
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

151

FATHER, in whom we live,
In whom we are and move,
The glory, power, and praise receive
Of thy creating love!

Incarnate Deity,
Let all the ransom'd race
Render in thanks their lives to thee,
For thy redeeming grace!

Spirit of Holiness,
Let all thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thy heart-renewing power!

Eternal, Triune Lord,
Let all the hosts above,
Let all the sons of men record
And dwell upon thy love!

When heaven and earth have fled
Before thy glorious face,
Sing all the saints thy love hath made
Thine everlasting praise!

152

O GOD of life, whose power benign
Doth o'er the world in mercy shine,
Accept our praise, for we are thine.

O Father, uncreated Lord,
Be thou in every land adored;
Be thou by all with faith implored.

O Son of God, for sinners slain,
We bless thee, Lord, whose dying pain
For us did endless life regain.

O Holy Ghost, whose guardian care
Doth us for heavenly joys prepare,
May we in thy communion share.

O holy, blessed Trinity,
With faith we sinners bow to thee;
In us, O God, exalted be.

First Sunday after Trinity.

153

FATHER of all, whose powerful voice
Call'd forth this universal frame,
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Through endless ages still the same.

Thou, by thy word upholdest all,
Thy bounteous love to all is show'd;
Thou hearest every creature's call,
And fillest every mouth with good.

In heaven thou reign'st enthroned in light,
Nature's expanse beneath thee spread:
Earth, air, and sea before thy sight,
And hell's deep gloom, are open laid.

Wisdom, and might, and love are thine,
Prostrate before thy face we fall,
Confess thine attributes divine,
And hail thee Sovereign Lord of all.

154

OUR God is love, and all his saints
His image bear below;
The heart with love to God inspired,
With love to man will glow.

O may we love each other, Lord,
As we are loved by thee!
For none continue sons of God
Who live in enmity.

Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
The cords of love our hearts should bind,
The fire of love inflame.

So shall the vain contentious world
Our peaceful lives approve,
And wondering say, as they of old,
"See, how these Christians love!"

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise and glory given,
Till we, with thy redeemed host,
For ever love in heaven.

155

PARTNERS of a glorious hope,
Lift your hearts and voices up;
While we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth still unite;
Dearest fellowship we prove,
Partners in our Father's love;
Sweetly each, with each combined,
In the bonds of duty join'd.

Let us then as brethren love,
Faithfully his gifts improve,
Carry on the earnest strife,
Walk in holiness of life:
Still forget the things behind,
Follow Christ in heart and mind,
Tow'rd the mark unwearied press,
Seize the crown of righteousness.

Mutual love the token be,
Lord, that we belong to thee,
Hence may all our actions flow;
Love, the proof that Christ we know;
Love, thine image, love impart!
Stamp it on our life and heart!
Only love to us be given!
Lord, we ask no other heaven.

156

YE saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his Name record;
His sacred Name for ever bless.
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to his great Name address.

God through the world extends his sway,
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of his glory are.
With him, whose majesty excels,
Who made the heav'n in which he dwells,
Let no created pow'r compare.

Though 'tis beneath his state to view
In highest heav'n what angels do,
Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care:
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.

Second Sunday after Trinity.

157

OUR souls shall magnify the Lord,
In him our spirit shall rejoice;
Assembled here with one accord
Our hearts shall praise him with our voice.

God of our hope! to thee we bow,
Thou art our refuge in distress;—
The Husband of the widow thou;
The Father of the fatherless.

May we the law of love fulfil,
Lighten each other's burdens here,
Suffer and do thy righteous will,
And walk in all thy faith and fear.

Then grant our union, here begun,
May last for ever firm and free;—
Around thy throne may we be one,
And dwell for evermore with thee.

158

CHRIST! from whom all blessings flow,
Life and light of saints below;
Ransom'd with thy precious blood,
Reconciled by thee to God;
Thee, O Saviour, we would bless,
Thee, our risen Lord, confess.

Placed according to thy will,
May we all our work fulfil;
Helpers to each other prove;
Never from our office move;
Use the grace on each bestow'd;
Learn, and do, the will of God.

Ever, Lord, thy blessing give,
That our souls to thee may live;
Fill us with the Father's love;
Never from our souls remove;
Dwell in us, that we may be
Thine to all eternity.

159

NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name!
Ye, who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love!

Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love!

Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love!

Welcome all by sin oppress'd!
Welcome to his sacred rest!
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

Hither, then, your music bring!
Strike aloud each cheerful string!
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love!

160

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Third Sunday after Trinity.

161

HIGH above created things,
Reigns the glorious King of kings,
Seated in approachless light,
Self-array'd in awe and night.

Everlasting is his throne,
Heaven and earth are all his own;
Fashion'd by his wondrous hand,
Subject to his strong command.

Ocean lifts his voice on high;
Angry waves assault the sky;
Calmly o'er them sits the Lord,
And controls them by his word.

Midst the roarings of the sea,
Sweet it is to him to flee;
He is faithful, he is near,
Wherefore should his people fear?

162

HARK! through the courts of heaven,
Voices of angels sound:
He that was dead now lives again,
He that was lost is found.

God of unfailing grace,
Send down thy Spirit now;
O raise the mourning soul to hope,
And make the lofty bow.

In countries far from home
On earthly husks we feed;
Back to our Father's house, O Lord,
Our wandering footsteps lead.

Then at each soul's return
The heavenly harp shall sound:
He that was dead now lives again,
He that was lost is found!

163

GLORY, glory everlasting
Be to him who bore the cross!
Who redeem'd our souls, by tasting
Death, the death deserv'd by us;
Spread his glory,
Who redeem'd his people thus.

His is love, 'tis love unbounded,
Without measure, without end;
Human thought is here confounded,
'Tis too vast to comprehend;
Praise the Saviour!
Magnify the sinner's friend.

While we hear the wondrous story
  Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
Sing we "Everlasting glory
  Be to God, and to the Lamb:"
    Saints and angels,
  Give ye glory to his name.

164

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
  With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
  But all their joys are one.

"Worthy the Lamb, that died," they cry,
  "To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
  "For he was slain for us."

Jesus is worthy to receive
  Honour and power divine:
And blessings more than we can give
  Be, Lord, for ever thine!

Let all that dwell above the sky,
  And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
  And speak thine endless praise!

The whole creation join in one,
  To bless the sacred Name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
  And to adore the Lamb!

Fourth Sunday after Trinity.

165

NOW far above the starry skies,
Does Jesus fill his Father's throne,
Invisible to mortal eyes,
But not to humble faith unknown.

Though in the glories he possess'd,
Long ere this world, or time began,
He shines the Son of God confess'd,
He calls himself the Son of Man.

Here once in agonies he died,
Now in the heavens he ever lives;
Of joy there pours th' eternal tide,
Here saves the sinner who believes.

All hail! Thou great Immanuel, hail!
Ten thousand blessings on thy Name!
While thus thy wondrous love we tell,
Our bosoms feel the sacred flame.

Come, quickly come, immortal King!
On earth thy regal honours raise!
The full salvation promis'd, bring,
Then ev'ry tongue shall sing thy praise!

166

THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand
Bright, bright as day:
Hark! how they sweetly sing,
"Worthy is our Saviour King!
Loud let his praises ring:
Praise, praise for aye!"

Come to this happy land,
Come, come away!
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
O we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye!

Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand
Love cannot die:
On then to glory, on!
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And, bright above the sun,
Reign, reign for aye!

167

SERVANTS of God, his praise proclaim,
Extol the Lord Jehovah's name:
That glorious name let all adore
From age to age for evermore.

Blest be that name, supremely blest,
From the sun's rising to its rest:
Above the heav'ns his power is known,
Through all the earth his goodness shown.

Who is like God?—So great, so high,
He bows himself to view the sky;
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.

Servants of God, his praise proclaim,
Extol the Lord Jehovah's name:
That glorious name let all adore
From age to age for evermore.

168

SHOUT, O earth, for God is King;
Let rejoicing millions sing;
God is Judge o'er every land,
Worlds obey his wide command.

Love divine o'er all presides,
Justice rules, and wisdom guides;
Evil shall not triumph long,
God is good, and wise, and strong.

Sing, O heavens, for Christ hath come,
To conduct his people home;
Sing, O earth, for sinners rise
To the joys of Paradise.

God hath sent his Son to save;
Saints shall triumph o'er the grave;
Those we loved shall rise again,
With their risen Lord to reign.

Church of Christ, redeem'd with power,
Cheer thee in thy suffering hour;
He, unseen, doth now defend,
And will love thee to the end.

Fifth Sunday after Trinity.

169

LESS than the least of all
Thy mercies, Lord, are we;
Yet, for the greatest we may call,
The greatest are most free.

Thy Son thou didst not spare,
  Yet us thou sparest still,
Him didst thou send our guilt to bear,
  Our righteousness fulfil.

For such amazing grace,
  What can poor sinners give?
At thy command we seek thy face,
  We meet our Judge, and live.

The world we would forsake,
  Our all to thee resign;
O save us for thy mercies' sake!
  O save us,—we are thine!

Meanwhile, as pilgrims here,
  Who seek our home above,
Thee may we serve with holy fear,
  And love with child-like love.

170

HOW beauteous are their feet,
  Who stand on Zion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
  And words of peace reveal!

How charming is their voice!
  How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour-King,
  "He reigns and triumphs here!"

How happy are our ears,
  That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
  And sought, but never found!

How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

Make bare thine arm, O Lord!
Send forth thy truth abroad:
Let all the nations now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

171

SEE where the Lord his glory spreads,
Thro' yonder mansion fill'd with light;
His least perfection far exceeds
The reach of fancy's boldest flight.

Around his everlasting throne
Ten thousand times ten thousand sing:
They worship him as God alone,
And crown him everlasting King.

Approach, ye saints, this God is yours;
'Tis Jesus fills the throne above;
Ye cannot fail while God endures;
Ye cannot want while God is love.

Come then, and swell the note of praise,
In Jesu's name rejoice and sing:
While angels on his glory gaze,
The saints may cry, "Behold our King."

Jesus, thou everlasting King,
To thee the praise of heav'n belongs;
Yet smile on us, who fain would bring
The tribute of our humbler songs.

Though sin defile our worship here,
  We hope, ere long, thy face to view;
In heav'n with angels to appear,
  And praise thy name as angels do.

172

HE who loves us, now victorious,
  Though he once so meekly died,
Shall from age to age more glorious
  O'er the universe preside;
    Hallelujah, hallelujah,
  He for us was crucified.

He who loves us, when temptations
  Might oppress our hearts with fear,
Our believing supplications
  In his mercy deigns to hear;
    Hallelujah, hallelujah,
  We are safe, for he is near.

He who loves us, soon descending
  To the earth, shall come again;
Then all sin and sorrow ending,
  With his Church in bliss shall reign;
    Hallelujah, hallelujah,
  Saints and angels shout Amen.

Sixth Sunday after Trinity.

173

WITH joy we celebrate the grace
  Of our High Priest above;
His heart o'erflows with tenderness,
  His bowels yearn with love.

Touch'd with a sympathy within,
  He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
  For he has felt the same.

He'll never quench the smoking flax,
  But fan it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
  Nor scorns the humblest name.

Then let our humble faith address
  His mercy and his power,
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
  In each distressing hour.

174

O PRAISE ye the Lord! prepare your glad voice,
  His praise in the great assembly to sing;
In our Great Creator let Israel rejoice,
  And children of Sion be glad in their King.

Let them his great Name extol in the dance,
  With timbrel and harp his praises express;
Who always takes pleasure his saints to advance,
  And with his salvation the humble to bless.

With glory adorn'd, his people shall sing
  To God, who their heads with safety doth shield:
Such honour and triumph his favour shall bring;
  Oh therefore for ever, all praise to him yield.

By angels in heaven, of every degree,
  And saints upon earth, all praise be addrest
To God in three Persons—One God ever blest—
  As it has been, now is, and ever shall be.

175

O HAPPY they, to whom 'tis given
To dwell within the gate of Heaven,
Who bear thee, Saviour, in their heart,
Whose strength and confidence thou art!

They, passing through the mournful vale,
Drink comfort from the living well,
From strength to strength advancing here,
Till all before their God appear.

Better one day thy courts within,
Than thousands in the tents of sin!
How great the weakest child of thine!
His meanest task is all divine.

The Lord protects and cheers his own,
Their light and strength, their shield and sun;
Unlimited his bounteous grant,
No needful good they e'er shall want.

O Lord of Hosts! how blest is he,
Who steadfastly believes in thee!
The soul, that on thy truth is cast,
The comforts of thy love shall taste.

176

TO Him that sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb, be glory given;
'Tis here we bow, and here alone,
And here we join the praise of heav'n.

The Lamb is worthy to receive
The tribute of his people's songs;
By him it is his people live,
To him it is their praise belongs.

Their robes that were so stain'd before,
Are white as snow, tho' washed in blood—
The blood of him who meekly bore
Their curse, when in their place he stood.

The everlasting crown be his,
Whose blood upon the cross was shed—
The Lord, who only worthy is,
Who liveth now, who once was dead.

To him that sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb, be glory giv'n:
This song be ours, and this alone,
This song on earth, and this in heaven.

Seventh Sunday after Trinity.

177

JOYFUL be the hours to-day;
  Joyful let the season be.
Let us sing, for well we may;
  Jesus, we will sing of thee.

Should thy people silent be,
  Then the very stones would sing.
What a debt we owe to thee,
  Thee, our Saviour and our King.

Meet it is that we should own
  What thy grace has done for us;
Saved we are by grace alone,
  And we joy to have it thus.

'Tis thy grace alone can save;
  Ev'ry blessing comes from thee;
All we have, and hope to have,
  All we are, and hope to be.

Thine the name to sinners dear;
  Thine the name all names before;
Blessed here and everywhere,
  Blessed now and evermore.

178

YE boundless realms of joy,
  Exalt your Maker's fame,
His praise your song employ
  Above the starry frame!
    Your voices raise,
      Ye cherubim
      And seraphim,
    To sing his praise!

Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
  And sun, that guid'st the day;
Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
  To him your homage pay!
    His praise declare,
      Ye heavens above,
      And clouds that move
    In liquid air!

Let them adore the Lord,
  And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
  They all from nothing came!
    And all shall last
      From changes free;
      His firm decree
    Stands ever fast.

United zeal be shown
  His wondrous fame to raise,
Whose glorious name alone
  Deserves our endless praise.
    Earth's utmost ends
      His power obey;
      His glorious sway
    The sky transcends.

His chosen saints to grace,
  He sets them up on high,
And favours Israel's race,
  Who still to him are nigh.
    O therefore raise
      Your grateful voice,
      And still rejoice
    The Lord to praise!

179

O WORSHIP the King all-glorious above,
O gratefully sing his pow'r and his love—
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavillion'd in splendour, and girded with praise.

O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space,
His chariots of wrath deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail:
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

O measureless might! ineffable love!
While angels delight to hymn thee above,
The humbler creation, tho' feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to thy praise!

180

FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair:
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

O may the heav'nly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear ev'ry thought above!

Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our spirits rise, and join
The chorus of the sky!

Eighth Sunday after Trinity.

181

ABBA, Father, while we sing,
Let thy Spirit comfort bring;
Taught to cast our care on thee,
Daily mercies let us see:
Still enrich us with thy grace;
Give us with thy sons a place.

By thy Spirit they are led;
Nourish'd with celestial bread;
Strengthen'd thro' their mortal strife;
Kept to everlasting life;
Peace and hope to them are giv'n;
Time and glory; earth and heav'n.

What though trials wait us here;
Christ endur'd what we must bear;
If his grace our strength sustain,
Welcome sorrow, shame, and pain;
Peace shall flow from ev'ry loss;
Endless glory from the Cross.

182

LET us praise the King of heaven,
To his feet our tribute bring;
Ransom'd, heal'd, restored, forgiven,
Who like us his praise should sing?
Praise him, praise him,
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise him for his grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Praise him, praise him,
Glorious in his faithfulness.

Father-like he leads and spares us,
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Praise him, praise him,
'Tis to us his mercy flows.

183

HAIL, everlasting spring!
Celestial fountain, hail!
Thy streams salvation bring,
The waters never fail;
Still they endure,
And still they flow,
For all our woe
A sovereign cure.

Blest be his wounded side,
And blest his bleeding heart,
Who all in anguish died
Such favours to impart.
His sacred blood
Shall make us clean
From every sin,
And fit for God.

To that dear source of love
Our souls this day would come:
And thither from above,
Lord, call the nations home;
That Jew and Greek
With rapturous songs
On all their tongues
Thy praise may speak.

184

REJOICE evermore,
With angels above,
In Jesus's power,
In Jesus's love;
With glad exultation
Your triumph proclaim,
Ascribing salvation
To God and the Lamb.

Thou, Lord, our relief
  In trouble hast been,
Hast saved us from grief,
  Hast saved us from sin:
The power of thy Spirit
  Hath set our hearts free,
And now we inherit
  All fulness in thee.

All fulness of peace,
  All fulness of joy,
A spiritual bliss
  That never shall die;
To us it is given,
  In Jesus, to know
The kingdom of heaven
  Commencing below.

Ninth Sunday after Trinity.

185

WE sing the praise of him who died,
  Of him who died upon the Cross:
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

Inscrib'd upon the Cross we see,
In shining letters, "God is love."
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

The Cross! it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens ev'ry bitter cup.

It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light;

The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love;
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heav'n above.

186

FROM Egypt lately come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste with songs of joy;
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

Our toils and conflicts cease
On Canaan's happy shore;
We there shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.
Hallelujah! &c.

But hark! those distant sounds
That strike our list'ning ears—
They come from Canaan's happy bounds,
Where God our King appears.
Hallelujah! &c.

There, in celestial strains,
  Enraptured myriads sing;
There love in every bosom reigns,
  For God himself is King.
    Hallelujah!
  We are on our way to God.

We soon shall join the throng,
  Their pleasures we shall share;
And sing the everlasting song,
  With all the ransom'd there.
    Hallelujah! &c.

How sweet the prospect is,
  It cheers the pilgrim's breast;
We're journeying thro' the wilderness,
  But soon shall gain our rest.
    Hallelujah! &c.

187

BLEST be Jehovah, mighty Lord!
  Thro' whom the faithful wield the sword,
  And all their conquests gain;
Guarded by his almighty power,
Their fortress, shield, defence, and tower,
  They rise with him to reign.

Bow down thy heavens, O Lord, come down!
The billows swell; thine arm alone
  Can stay th' impetuous wave:
O'erwhelming waters sink our soul;
Stretch forth thy hand, our foes control,
  Omnipotent to save!

Awake then, heart! awake then, tongue!
Sing to the Lord a new-made song!

Salvation he hath given:
Our garners full our praise demand,
Perpetual mercies fill our hand:
Praise ye the Lord of heaven!

188

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As we journey let us sing:
Be our theme the Saviour's praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

We are trav'lling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They from labour rest, and we
Soon with them shall happy be.

Banish'd once, by sin betray'd,
Christ our Advocate was made;
Pardon'd now, no more we roam,
Christ conducts us to our home.

Lord, obedient we would go,
Leaving all we loved below;
Only thou our Leader be,
Gladly we will follow thee.

Tenth Sunday after Trinity.

189

THE day of rest once more comes round,
A day to all believers dear;
The silver trumpets seem to sound,
That call the tribes of Israel near;
Ye people all
Obey the call,
And in Jehovah's courts appear.

Obedient to thy summons, Lord,
  We to thy sanctuary come;
Thy gracious presence here afford,
  And send thy people joyful home.
    Of thee, our King,
    O may we sing,
  And none with such a theme be dumb!

O hasten, Lord, the day when those
  Who know thee here shall see thy face;
When suff'ring shall for ever close,
  And they shall reach their destin'd place;
    Then they shall rest,
    Supremely blest,
  Eternal debtors to thy grace.

190

JERUSALEM! Jerusalem!
  Enthroned once on high,
Thou favour'd home of God on earth,
  Thou heav'n below the sky!

Now brought to bondage with thy sons,
  A curse and grief to see;
Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
  Our tears shall flow for thee.

O hadst thou known the day of grace,
  And flock'd beneath the wing
Of him who call'd thee lovingly,
  Thine own anointed King!—

But now thy day is sunk in night,
  Thy time of mercy spent;
For heavy was thy children's crime,
  And strange their punishment.

O gaze not idly on their fall,
  But sinner, warned be;
Who spared not his chosen seed,
  May send his wrath on thee.

Their day of grace is sunk in night,
  Thy noon is in its prime:
O turn and seek thy Saviour's face
  In this accepted time.

191

REJOICE, believers! in the Lord,
  Who makes your cause his own;
Your hope, well-founded on his word,
  Can ne'er be overthrown.

Though many foes beset your road,
  And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
  Beyond the reach of harm.

Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
  Or, fainting, shall not die;
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
  Will aid you from on high.

As surely as he overcame,
  And triumph'd once for you;
So surely you, who love his name,
  Shall triumph in him too.

192

WITH thy saints we bow before thee,
  Jesus, Conqueror o'er the grave;
While we live we will adore thee,
  Thou alone dost bless and save.

Thou art our Almighty Saviour,
  Only source of all things good;
Every grace and every favour
  Is the purchase of thy blood.

Thou dost give us true repentance,
  By the Spirit sent from heaven;
Thou hast won for us the sentence,
  That our sins are all forgiven.

Through thy Spirit we believe thee;
  He alone can make us wise;
'Tis by him that we receive thee,
  And thy love we learn to prize.

Thou dost give us pure affections,
  Holy thoughts and right desires;
Grace to follow thy directions,
  And fulfil what God requires.

Every grace and every favour,
  Great and good, for which we call,
Comes through thee, thou blessed Saviour,
  Thou to us art all in all.

Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.

193

HOLY, Holy, Holy Lord,
  God of Hosts! when heaven and earth,
Out of darkness at thy word,
Issued into glorious birth,
All thy works before thee stood,
And thine eye beheld them good,
While they sang with sweet accord,
  Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

Holy, Holy, Holy! thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit! we,
Dust and ashes, would adore;
Lightly by the world esteem'd,
From that world by thee redeem'd,
Sing we here with glad accord,
  Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

Holy, Holy, Holy! all
Heaven's triumphant choirs shall sing,
When the ransom'd nations fall
At the footstool of their King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Hearts and voices swell one hymn,
Round the throne with full accord,
  Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

194

OH! how shall we appear,
  What off'ring shall we bring,
Or how with confidence draw near
  To our offended King?

What can his wrath endure?
  What can for sins atone?
Or what to sinful man ensure
  Acceptance at his throne?

In vain shall beasts be slain,
  The chief of all our store;
Rivers of oil we shall in vain
  Upon his altars pour.

Our first-born though we gave
  To die in flood or flame,
Not e'en this sacrifice could save
  Our guilty souls from blame.

O Saviour, thou alone
Canst draw us to thy seat;
None else can for our sins atone,
And make our off'ring meet.

O clothe us with thy grace,
That in the realms above
We may with joy behold thy face,
And share thy boundless love.

195

O LIFT your hearts, O tune your tongues,
The God of glory claims your songs;
The Lord of lords, the King of kings,
Who life to all and comfort brings.

The strong, the wonderful, the wise,
Who fill'd the seas, who spread the skies;
Sing, men below, sing, hosts above,
Tell earth and heaven that God is love.

O God of providence and grace,
The same in every time and place;
Thy flock on earth are wanderers now,
And who can guide and save but thou?

Through thee refreshment round us flows,
The desert blossoms as the rose;
And earth is heaven, while here we prove
An ever-present God of love.

196

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing!
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
The universal King.

He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord!
We are his works, and not our own;
He form'd us by his word.

To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.

197

WITH joy his deeds rehearse,
And praise his glorious name,
Who reared the universe,
And raised our ruined frame;
He builds the church who formed the sky;
O bless we then the Lord most high.

A sure foundation stone,
In Zion hath he laid;
Jesus, his first-born Son,
With truth and grace array'd;
Low he descends, in dust he lies,
That from his tomb a Church may rise.

But he for ever lives,
His saints in him are one;
And each new life derives,
From Christ the corner stone;
His influence spreads through ev'ry soul,
And cheers and nourishes the whole.

Secure from all their foes,
In him his people stand;
The living temple grows,
And owns the founder's hand;
Thy church, O Lord, still higher raise,
Ever to sound its builders praise.

198

REDEEMER! whither should we flee,
Or how escape the wrath to come?
The weary sinner flies to thee,
For shelter from impending doom;
Smile on us, gracious Lord, and show
Thyself the friend of sinners now.

Beneath the shadow of thy cross
The heavy-laden soul finds rest;
We would esteem the world but dross,
So we might be of Christ possess'd.
We seek our every joy in thee;
For thou art life and liberty.

What transport then shall fill our hearts,
When thou our worthless name wilt own;
When we shall see thee as thou art;
And know as we ourselves are known!
From sin, and fear, and sorrow free,
Our souls shall find their rest in thee.

199

EV'RY knee shall bow to Jesus,
'Tis decreed, and must be done;
God ordains it, whom it pleases
Thus to glorify his Son:
Honour is to Jesus giv'n,
All the power in earth and heav'n.

See the Lord, "A man in fashion,
"Of no reputation made."
See, he dies without compassion!
In the tomb behold him laid!
Though he seems deserted now,
Ev'ry knee to him shall bow.

See the Saviour ris'n victorious,
Late a pris'ner with the dead:
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious!
Jesus ris'n his people's Head;
Crowns adorn the Victor's brow;
Ev'ry knee to him shall bow.

See him now to glory raised,
Bearing an unrivall'd name:
Angels, at the sight amazed,
Worship, and confess his claim;
All in heav'n adore him now:
Ev'ry knee to him shall bow.

Hark! the trumpet loudly sounding,
Now proclaims the Judge is near:
Jesus comes, his foes confounding,
Jesus, to his people dear:
Lo! he comes on yonder cloud;
Ev'ry knee to him is bow'd.

200

OH God, our everlasting hope,
We live upon thy truth;
Thy hands have held our childhood up,
And strengthened all our youth.

Still has our life new wonders seen
  Repeated every year;
Behold, our days that yet remain,
  We trust them to thy care.

Cast us not off when strength declines,
  When hoary hairs appear;
And round us let thy glory shine,
  When life's last hour draws near.

Then in the history of our age,
  When men review our days,
They'll read thy love in every page,
  In every line thy praise.

Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

201

CHRIST is th' eternal Rock,
  On which his Church is built;
The Shepherd of his little flock;
  The Lamb that took our guilt;

Our Counsellor, our Guide,
  Our Brother, and our Friend;
The Bridegroom of his chosen bride,
  Who loves her to the end.

He is the Son to free;
  The High Priest he to bless;
The full Propitiation he;
  The Lord our Righteousness;

His body's glorious Head;
  Our Advocate who pleads;
He who for us atoned and bled,
  Still ever intercedes.

Soldiers, your Captain own!
Servants obey your Lord!
Sinners, the Saviour's love make known!
Saints, hymn th' incarnate Word!—

The Witness sure and true
Of God's good will to men;
The Alpha and th' Omega too;
The first and last Amen.

202

WONDROUS Saviour, mighty Lord,
Be thou loved, obeyed, adored!
Through thy blood we are forgiven;
Thou hast made us heirs of heaven.

Lord of glory, what but love
Made thee leave thy throne above?
What but love could make thee come
To the manger and the tomb?

'Twas in mercy thou didst die,
Suffering unknown agony:
Mercy, boundless mercy still,
Guides thy all-controlling will.

We shall see thy glory soon
Where they need not sun or moon:
Saved by thee from death and hell,
With thee we shall ever dwell.

Oh, how glorious is the place
Where thy people see thy face!
Angels bow thy throne before;
Saints thy majesty adore.

With those angels bright and fair,
With those saints beneath thy care,
Mighty Saviour, glorious King,
We our grateful praises bring.

203

GOD is love: his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens:
God is wisdom—God is love.

Death and change are busy ever,
Man decays and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom—God is love.

E'en the hour that darkness seemeth,
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the mist his brightness streameth:
God is wisdom—God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth:
God is wisdom—God is love.

204

TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring!

'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

He will present our souls,
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless him for his wondrous grace,
And make his goodness known.

To our Redeemer-God
Wisdom and power belong,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And heaven's eternal song.

Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.

205

THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess,
Thy mercy we adore;
A spring whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore!

Thy bounty every season crowns
With all the bliss it yields;
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strengthening grain the fields.

But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the Gospel seen:
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines
Without a cloud between.

Pardon, acceptance, peace, and joy,
Through Jesus' name are given;
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might reign in heaven.

206

FATHER! who the light this day
  Out of darkness didst create,
Shine upon us now, we pray.
  While within thy courts we wait,
Cast we off the works of night,
Walk as children of the light.

Saviour! who this day didst break
  Brazen portals of the tomb,
Bid our slumbering souls awake,
  Shine through all their sin and gloom;
Let us, from our bonds set free,
Rise from sin, and live to thee.

Blessed Spirit! Comforter!
  Sent this day with power from high,
Lord, on us thy gifts confer,
  Cleanse, illumine, sanctify;
Be thine influence shed abroad,
Lead us to the truth of God.

207

GREAT God, to thee our song we raise,
  To thee devote our grateful praise;
O never may our footsteps rove
From thee, the source of truth and love!
But may we still thy praise proclaim,
And joy in our Redeemer's name.

What though the fig-tree shall decay,
Fruitless the vine shall waste away;
Although the olive shall not bear,
Nor corn produce the ripened ear;
Yet still may we thy praise proclaim,
And joy in our Redeemer's name.

Though in our folds no flocks abound,
And in our stalls no herd be found,
Though all the hopes of plenty fail,
Though blighting pestilence prevail;
Yet may we still thy praise proclaim,
And joy in our Redeemer's name.

208

O GOD, the source of all our joy,
Our life's eternal spring;
Thy mercies shall our hearts employ,
While we thy praises sing.

From thee, man first receiv'd his breath,
And in thine image shone;
By thee we now are sav'd from death,
Redeem'd by Christ thy Son.

O may thy Spirit, Lord, direct
And rule us all our days,
And still in love our souls correct,
When wand'ring from thy ways.

Thine arm alone can make us whole,
And give us pow'r and might;
O let thy grace our hearts control,
And make us heirs of light.

Thus grant us ever to be found,
Thy faithful servants here;
That we may, by thy favour crown'd,
Before thy throne appear.

Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.

209

GRATEFUL hearts and voices bring,
While Jehovah's praise we sing:
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!
Be thy glorious name ador'd.

Saints on earth, and saints above,
Sing the great Redeemer's love:
Lord, thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

Though unworthy of thine ear,
Still our hallelujahs hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When with saints in heaven we sing.

Look with pity from thy throne;
Send thy Holy Spirit down;
Guide our footsteps in thy way;
Guide to realms of endless day.

210

'TIS to us no cause of sorrow
That we cannot tell to-day,
What it is will come to-morrow;
'Tis enough that we can say—
He, whom we our Father call,
Knows the future, knows it all.

Happy they, who, all committing
To their Father's care and love,
Let him choose what most is fitting,
And of all he does, approve;
They are free from anxious care;
Blest in this his people are.

Teach us, oh! our God and Father,
  Teach us to obey thee thus!
Be thy choice our portion, rather
  Than what might seem good to us;
'Tis not meet we should refuse
Aught that thou, our God, shall choose.

Future things with thee are present;
  All to come thine eye can see:
Safe it is for us, and pleasant,
  Future things to trust to thee:
Then thy people happy are,
When on thee they cast their care.

211

OH, for an overcoming faith,
  To cheer our toilsome hours,
To triumph o'er the fear of death,
  And hell's malignant powers.

Those who true faith in Jesus have,
  However weak may sing,
Where is thy victory, O grave?
  And where, O death, thy sting?

If sin be pardoned we're secure,
  Death hath no sting beside;
And of that pardon we are sure,
  Since Jesus for us died.

As sinners, we must droop and die,
  But thanks to God be paid,
Through Christ we have the victory,
  And are no more afraid.

212

SAVIOUR, whom our hearts adore,
Mighty, everlasting God!
Come with majesty and power;
Take the purchase of thy blood.

Joyful anthems we begin,
Songs of triumph raise to thee;
Thou hast conquered death and sin,
Thou hast set the captives free.

Glorious Victor! strong to save!
Full deliverance thou hast given:
Vain the terrors of the grave;
Through the flood we pass to heaven.

Sing, ye ransomed of the Lord,
Raised by him to thrones above!
Angels, join with glad accord!
Sing the triumphs of his love.

Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.

213

HARK! the song of Jubilee;
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God Omnipotent, shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

Hallelujah!—hark; the sound
  From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
  All creation's harmonies;
See Jehovah's banner furl'd,
  Sheath'd his sword: he speaks—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
  Are the kingdoms of his Son.

He shall reign from pole to pole
  With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
  Yonder heavens have pass'd away:
Then the end;—beneath his rod,
  Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
  God in Christ, is all in all.

214

WE saw thee not, when thou didst tread,
  O Saviour, this our sinful earth;
Nor heard thy voice restore the dead,
  And wake them to a second birth:
But we believe that thou didst come,
And leave for us thy glorious home.

We were not with the faithful few,
  Who stood thy bitter cross around;
Nor heard thy prayer for those that slew,
  Nor felt that earthquake rock the ground;
We saw no spear-wound pierce thy side;
Yet we believe that thou hast died.

No angel's message met our ear,
  On that first glorious Easter-day:
"The Lord is risen, he is not here:
  Come, see the place where Jesus lay!"
But we believe that thou didst quell,
The banded powers of death and hell.

We saw thee not return on high;
  And now, our longing sight to bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
  Shines down upon our wilderness;
Yet we believe that thou art there,
  And seek thee, Lord, in praise and prayer.

215

A LITTLE while, our Lord shall come,
  And we shall wander here no more;
He'll take us to our Father's home,
Where he for us has gone before.

A little while, he'll come again:
Let us the precious hours redeem;
Our only grief, to give him pain;
Our only joy, to follow him!

A little while, 't will soon be past;
Why should we shun the promised cross?
O let us in his footsteps haste,
And count for him all else but loss.

A little while, come, Saviour, come!
For thee thy Bride has tarried long;
O take thy weary pilgrims home,
To join the everlasting song!

216

BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is there.

O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners,
A mansion with the blest!

There grief is turned to pleasure,
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.

Now must we fight the battle,
Then shall we wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.

Then morning shall awaken,
And shadows shall decay;
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

There Christ our King and Portion,
In fulness of his grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.

Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.

217

THY sov'reign power, O God, is known,
Thro' every tribe around,
O'er all the earth thy love is shewn,
Thy grace and truth abound.

Let men thy righteous acts confess,
And bow before thy face,
And with glad hymns of pleasure bless,
Thy name in ev'ry place.

O may thy Church be kept in peace,
And serve thee here with joy,
That christian love may still increase,
And praise our lips employ.

In all our sorrows thou wilt hear,
Thine eyes thy people see;
Nor life nor death have we to fear,
While lov'd, O Lord, by thee.

218

DESCEND to thy Jerusalem, O Lord!
Her faithful children cry with one accord;
Come, ride in triumph on; behold we lay
Our guilty lusts and proud wills in thy way.

Thy road is ready, Lord; thy paths made straight
In longing expectation seem to wait
The consecration of thy beauteous feet:
And hark! hosannas loud thy footsteps greet.

Welcome, O welcome to our hearts, Lord! here
Thou hast a temple too, and full as dear
As that in Zion, and as full of sin!
How long shall thieves and robbers dwell therein?

Enter and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor;
Destroy their strength, that they may never more
Profane with traffic vile that holy place
Which thou hast chosen, there to set thy face.

And then, if our stiff tongues shall silent be
In praises of thy finish'd victory,
The temple stones shall cry, and loud repeat
Hosanna! and thy glorious footsteps greet.

219

THOU who did'st stoop below
To drain the cup of woe,
And wear the form of frail mortality;
Thy blessed labours done,
Thy crown of victory won,
Hast pass'd from earth, pass'd to thy home on high.

It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,
Beloved of the Father, thou didst tread;
And shall we in dismay,
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread?

O thou who art our life,
Be with us through the strife:
Thine own meek head by rudest storms was bow'd.
Raise thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam, like a bow of promise, through the cloud.

E'en through the awful gloom
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall be;
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to thee.

220

LORD, be present now to bless us,
Joy and peace to all impart;
Meet it is thou should'st possess us,
Reign, O Lord, in ev'ry heart:
Slaves to sin we would not be,
Thou alone canst set us free!

We are free, thy laws obeying,
'Tis the truth that makes us free;
O preserve us, Lord, from straying
From the path mark'd out by thee
Keep us walking in the way
Leading to eternal day.

We are helpless, Lord, without thee,
  To the foe an easy prey;
But we must not, will not, doubt thee,
  Thou wilt be our guide and stay:
This may well our spirits cheer,
And we need no evil fear.

Yes, the thought is sweet and cheering;
  When his people's strength is gone,
Then it is the Lord, appearing,
  Cheers and leads his people on:
Be it so with us, O Lord;
Be our shield and our reward.

Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.

221

THIS life is but a fleeting shade,
  A flow'r that only blooms to fade,
  With all the joy it brings.
For all the pageant of a day,
O let not our affections stray,
  From heav'n and heav'nly things.

With house to house and field to field,
Abundance can no safety yield,
  Nor all we have or crave;
All earthly things contract their span,
And only leave the dying man
  Possession of a grave.

On things above our hearts shall stay,
The things which never pass away,
  Which never wane or die;
Where saints inherit ev'rything,
And Jesus sits th' Eternal King,
  At God's right hand on high.

222

TO thee, O better country,
Our eyes with longing turn;
At mention of thy blessings
Our hearts within us burn.

Thought of thy coming glory
Is balm to the distressed,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

O one abiding city,
O paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished
And smiles have no alloy.

Thou hast no need of moonbeam,
Nor e'en of sunshine bright;
God is himself thy glory
The Lamb himself thy light.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean,
Thou hast no time, bright day;
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away.

Where all our longings centre,
There may we win to come!
There see God's face for ever;
There serve him in our home.

223

GLORY, glory to our King!
Crowns unfading wreathe his head!
Jesus is the name we sing;
Jesus risen from the dead;
Jesus conqu'ror o'er the grave;
Jesus mighty now to save.

Jesus is gone up on high,
  Angels come to meet their King;
Shouts triumphant rend the sky,
  While the victor's praise they sing:
"Open now, ye heav'nly gates!
"'Tis the King of glory waits."

Now behold him high enthron'd!
  Glory beaming from his face!
By adoring angels own'd,
  God of holiness and grace!
O for hearts and tongues to sing
"Glory, glory, to our King."

Jesus, on thy people shine!
  Warm our hearts, and tune our tongues!
That with angels we may join,
  Share their bliss, and swell their songs.
Glory, honour, praise and pow'r,
Lord, be thine for evermore!

224

O LET triumphant faith dispel
  The fears of guilt and woe;
If God be for us, God the Lord,
  Who, who shall be our foe?

He spared not his only Son
  From death, that we might live;
Shall he not all things freely grant,
  That boundless love can give?

Who now his people shall accuse?
  Since God hath justified;
Who now his people shall condemn?
  Since Christ the Lord hath died.

He died for us, and rose again,
  Triumphant from the grave;
And pleads our cause at God's right hand,
  Almighty still to save.

Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.

225

BRIGHTNESS of the Eternal Glory,
  Image of our God express'd,
Jesus, let thy works adore thee,
  God supreme, for ever bless'd.
Still upheld by their Creator,
  Every work his power displays;
Lord of universal nature,
  Take the universal praise.

From his heavenly throne descended,
  Son of God, and Son of Man;
See him on a cross suspended,
  By his sinful creatures slain.
By his one complete oblation,
  Jesus did the ransom pay;
Bore the fiery indignation,
  Cleans'd the stains of guilt away.

Object of their adoration,
  Saviour, thee, thine angel-train
Met with rapturous acclamation,
  Rising to thy courts again.
Still they shout, and fall before thee,
  Thee their great Creator own,
Re-install'd in all thy glory,
  Bright on thine eternal throne.

226

DARKLY rose the guilty morning,
When, the King of Glory scorning,
Raged the fierce Jerusalem:
See the Christ, his cross up-bearing,
See him stricken, spit on, wearing
The thorn-platted diadem.

Not the crowd whose cries assailed him,
Not the hands that rudely nailed him,
Slew him on the cursed tree;
Ours the sin from heaven that called him,
Ours the sin whose burden galled him,
In the sad Gethsemane.

For our sins, of glory emptied,
He was fasting, lone, and tempted,
He was slain on Calvary;
Yet he for his murderers pleaded,
Lord, by us, that prayer is needed,
We have pierc'd, yet trust in thee.

In our wealth and tribulation,
By thy precious cross and passion,
By thy blood and agony,
By thy glorious resurrection,
By thy Holy Ghost's protection,
Make us thine eternally.

227

WHILE all the angel-throng
Give thanks to God on high;
Let earth repeat the joyful song,
And echo to the sky.

Father in whom we live,
In whom we are and move;
The glory, power, and praise receive
Of thine eternal love.

Incarnate Deity,
Let all the ransom'd race
Render in thanks their lives to thee,
For thy redeeming grace.

Spirit of holiness,
Let all thy saints adore
Thy secret energy, and bless
Thy heart-renewing power.

Eternal, glorious Lord,
Let all the saints above,
Let all the sons of men record,
And celebrate thy love.

228

TO our Lord a throne is giv'n,
His the highest place in heav'n;
On his vesture shine the words,
"King of kings, and Lord of lords."

Heir of all things, rightful heir,
In the honour none can share;
Fruit of toil, and strife, and pain,
Hard the warfare, rich the gain.

Saviour, all is now thine own,
Sway the sceptre, fill the throne;
Thine the suff'ring and the toil,
Thine the glory and the spoil.

We, thy ransom'd people, sing,
Glory, glory to our King;
Strangers here, and far from home.
Thee we look for, soon to come.

Then, and only then, shall we
Gain our rest, and happy be;
Thus then should thy people pray,
Hasten, Lord, the glorious day.

Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.

229

SING to the Lord a new-made song;
Let earth, in one assembled throng,
The great Jehovah's praise resound:
Sing to the Lord and bless his name;
From day to day his works proclaim,
Who us hath with salvation crown'd:
To heathen lands his fame rehearse,
His wonders to the universe.

Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
Whose power the universe sustains,
Who righteous judgment will restore:
Let heaven its sacred joys confess,
And gladsome mirth let earth express;
Its loud applause let ocean roar,
Its mute inhabitants rejoice,
And for this triumph find a voice.

For joy let fertile valleys sing,
The cheerful groves their tribute bring,
  The hills, the plains, all nature wake:
He comes! he comes mankind to bless;
He comes in truth and righteousness,
  Earth's kingdom as his own to take!
From thee we live, to thee we call;
Hail! bounteous, gracious Lord of all.

230

LORD, we adore thy boundless grace,
  The heights and depths unknown
Of pardon, life, and joy and peace,
  In thy beloved Son.

Come, all ye pining, hungry poor,
  Your Father's bounty taste;
Behold a never-failing store
  For every willing guest.

Here shall your numerous wants receive
  A free, a full supply;
God has unmeasured bliss to give,
  And joys that never die.

Can those who hear the Saviour's voice
  Renounce celestial joys,
And cling with fond and fatal choice
  To earth's delusive toys?

Lord, bring unwilling souls to thee
  With sweet, resistless power;
Thy boundless grace let sinners see,
  And at thy feet adore.

231

HAPPY they who trust in Jesus!
Sweet their portion is, and sure;
When the foe on others seizes,
He will keep his own secure.
Happy people!
Happy, though despis'd and poor.

Ye whom God has sav'd from error,
Ye "who know the joyful sound,"
Fear ye not the nightly terror;
Arms of mercy close you round:
Dread no evil;
God will all your foes confound.

Since his love and mercy found you,
Ye are precious in his sight;
Thousands now may fall around you,
Thousands more be put to flight;
But his presence
Keeps you safe by day and night.

Lo! your Saviour never slumbers,
Ever watchful in his care;
Though ye cannot boast of numbers,
In his strength secure ye are:
Sweet their portion,
Who our Saviour's kindness share.

As the bird beneath her feathers
Guards the objects of her care,
So the Lord his children gathers,
Spreads his wings, and hides them there;
Thus protected,
All their foes they boldly dare.

232

WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
The Lord that o'er all nature reigns
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

How surely stablish'd is thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see!
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity!

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high!
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure!
But they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.

233

SHOULD the rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit;

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall;

Should thy altered hand restrain
The early and the latter rain,
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising ear destroy;—

Still to thee our soul should raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise;
And when every blessing's flown,
Love thee,—for thyself alone.

234

BEHOLD, ye saints, the purchased gift
Of your Redeemer's blood;
A crown of life reserved in heaven,
For all the sons of God.

A sinful world and wicked heart
Against you join their power;
Satan your ever watchful foe,
Seeks whom he may devour.

But fear not ye, who trust in Christ
To save your souls from death;
Seek stedfastly to him for help,
And cleave to him by faith.

Clothed in the armour of your God,
Salvation's helmet take;
Gird on the Spirit's conquering sword,
And prayer unceasing make.

Under the banner of your King,
Thus armed, resist your foes;
And you shall more than conquerors prove,
Though death and hell oppose.

Then courage take, ye fearful saints,
With joy ye soon shall sing,
"O grave, where is thy victory,
"O death, where is thy sting."

235

YOUR hearts and voices raise,
To spread Messiah's praise,
Messiah's praise let all repeat,
The universal Lord,
By whose almighty word
Creation rose in form complete.

A servant's form he wore,
And in his body bore
Our dreadful curse on Calvary;
He like a victim stood,
And poured his sacred blood
To set the guilty captives free.

But soon the victor rose
Triumphant o'er his foes,
And led the vanquished host in chains;
He threw their empire down,
His foes compelled to own
That over all Messiah reigns.

Hail, Saviour, Prince of peace!
Thy kingdom shall increase,
Till all the world thy glory see,
And righteousness abound
As the great deep profound,
And fill the earth with purity.

236

NOW in a song of grateful praise,
To Jesus we our voices raise;
Jesus, who deign'd on earth to dwell,
Who while on earth did all things well.

Wisdom, and power, and love divine
In all his works unrivall'd shine,
And force the wondering world to tell
That he alone did all things well.

Howe'er mysterious are his ways,
Or dark and sorrowful our days;
And though our spirit oft rebel,
We know he still does all things well.

And when we stand before his throne,
And all his ways are fully known,
This note in sweetest strains shall swell,
That Jesus has done all things well.

Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.

237

HIS kingdom comes! ye saints, rejoice,
Let earth and heaven unite their voice
To swell the lofty strain:
Proclaim the joyful news abroad;
The mighty King! the glorious God!
He comes on earth to reign.

High o'er the pomp of worldly state,
On chosen Sion's lofty seat,
Jehovah sets his throne:
Now shall the lands confess his power,
And all the earth his name adore,
And serve the Lord alone.

Before the terrors of his face,
Let mortal man his pride abase,
And ev'ry idol fall:
Prostrate be ev'ry haughty foe,
The pomp and power of earth lie low,
And God be all in all.

The highest place that heaven affords,
  Is his by sovereign right:
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
  He reigns in glory bright.

The joy of all who dwell above,
  The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
  And grants his name to know.

To them the cross, with all its shame,
  With all its grace, is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
  Their joy the joy of heaven.

They suffer with their Lord below;
  They reign with him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
  The mystery of his love.

The cross he bore is life and health,
  Though shame and death to him;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
  Their everlasting theme.

Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.

241

PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator!
  Praise be thine from every tongue!
Join we all, with every creature,
  Join the universal song.
Father, source of all compassion!
  Free, unbounded grace is thine:
Hail the God of our salvation!
  Praise him for his love divine.

For ten thousand blessings given,
  For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heavan,
  Sound Jehovah's praise on high.
Joyfully on earth adore him,
  Till in heaven our song we raise;
There enraptured fall before him,
  Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

242

VAIN are all terrestrial pleasures;
  Mixed with dross the purest gold;
Seek we then for heavenly treasures,
  Treasures never waxing old.
Let our best affections centre
  On the things around the throne;
There no thief can ever enter;
  Moth and rust are there unknown.

Earthly joys no longer please us,
  Here would we renounce them all;
Seek our only rest in Jesus—
  Him our Lord and Master call.
Faith, our languid spirits cheering,
  Points to brighter worlds above;
Bids us look for his appearing;
  Bids us triumph in his love.

May our lights be always burning,
  And our loins be girded round,
Waiting for our Lord's returning,—
  Longing for the welcome sound.
Thus the Christian life adorning,
  Never need we be afraid,
Should he come at night or morning,
  Early dawn or evening shade.

243

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ!

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the joys which harvests bring,
Grateful praises now we sing.

All that Spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her overflowing stores:

These, O Lord, to thee we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow:
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

244

GLORY to God on high!
Let earth and skies reply,
Praise ye his Name!
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing aloud evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb."

Jesus, our Lord and God,
Bore sin's tremendous load;
Praise ye his Name!
Tell what his arm hath done,
What spoils from death he won;
Sing his great Name alone
"Worthy the Lamb."

Join, all ye ransom'd race,
Our holy Lord to bless;
Praise Jesu's Name!
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb."

Then let the hosts above,
In realms of endless love,
Praise Jesu's Name;
To him ascribed be
Honour and majesty,
Through all eternity:
"Worthy the Lamb."

Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.

245

FATHER! 'tis thine each day to yield
Thy children's wants a fresh supply;
Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,
And hearest the young ravens cry.

On thee we cast our care; we live
Through thee, who know'st our every need;
Oh! feed us with thy grace, and give
Our souls this day the living bread.

Giver and Lord of life; whose power
And guardian care for all are free,
To thee in fierce temptation's hour,
From sin and Satan let us flee.

Thine, Lord, we are, and ours thou art;
  In us be all thy goodness shown;
Renew, enlarge, and fill our heart
  With peace and love, thy gifts alone.

246

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
  Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
  Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Day-spring from on high, draw near;
Day-star, in our hearts appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn,
  Lord, if it be reft of thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
  Till thy mercy's beams we see;
Till they pour their gladdening light
On the darkness of our night.

Visit, then, these souls of thine,
  Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill us, Lord, with light divine;
  Scatter all our unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

247

MEET and right it is to sing,
  In every time and place,
Glory to our heavenly King,
  The God of truth and grace;
Join we, then, with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join;
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
  Eternal praise be thine!

Vying with the heav'nly choir
  Who chaunt thy praise above,
We on eagles' wings aspire,
  The wings of faith and love;
Thee they sing with glory crown'd;
We extol the slaughter'd Lamb,
Lower if our voices sound,
  Our subject is the same.

Father, first thy love we praise,
  Which gave thy Son to die;
Jesus full of truth and grace,
  Alike we glorify;
Spirit, Comforter divine,
Praise by all to thee be given,
Till we in full chorus join,
  And earth is chang'd for heaven.

248

PRAISE ye Jehovah! praise the Lord most holy,
Who cheers the contrite, girds with strength the weak;
Praise him who will with glory crown the lowly,
And with salvation beautify the meek.

Praise ye the Lord for all his loving kindness,
And all the tender mercies he hath shown;
Praise him who pardons all our sin and blindness,
And calls us sons, and takes us for his own.

Praise ye Jehovah! source of all our blessing,
Before his gifts earth's richest boons are dim:
Resting in him, his peace and joy possessing,
All things are ours, for we have all in him.

Praise ye the Father! God the Lord who gave us,
With full and perfect love, his only Son:
Praise ye the Son! who died himself to save us,
Praise ye the Spirit! praise the Three in One.

Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.

249

WE love thee, Lord,—yet not alone because thy bounteous hand
Showers down its rich and ceaseless gifts on ocean and on land;
We praise thee, gracious Lord, for these, yet not for these alone
The incense of thy children's love arises to thy throne.

We love thee, Lord, because, when we had erred and gone astray,
Thou didst recall our wandering souls into the heavenward way;
When helpless, hopeless, we were lost in sin and sorrow's night,
Thou didst send forth a guiding ray of thy benignant light.

Because, O Lord, thou lovedst us with everlasting love,
And sentest forth thy Son to die that we might live above;
Because, when we were heirs of wrath, thou gavest hopes of heaven;
We love because we much have sinned, and much have been forgiven.

250

FROM Jesse's root behold a Branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies;
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers,
Prepare the way, your God—your God appears.

The Saviour comes, by ancient seers foretold,
Hear him ye deaf; and all ye blind behold;
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap, exulting, like the bounding roe.

No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,
From every face he wipes off every tear;
In everlasting chains shall death be bound,
And hell's fierce tyrant feel th' eternal wound.

251

SAVIOUR divine! we know thy name,
And in that name we trust;
Thou art "the Lord our Righteousness,"
Thou art thine Israel's boast.

Guilty we plead before thy throne,
And low in dust we lie,
Till Jesus stretch his gracious arm
To bring the guilty nigh.

The sins of one most righteous day
Might plunge us in despair;
Yet all the crimes of num'rous years
Shall our great Surety clear.

That spotless robe, which he hath wrought
  Shall deck us all around;
Nor by the piercing eye of God
  One guilty spot be found.

252

GOD is our refuge, tried and proved,
  Amid a stormy world:
We will not fear, though earth be moved,
  And hills in ocean hurled.

The waves may roar, the mountains shake,
  Our comforts shall not cease:
The Lord his saints will not forsake;
  The Lord will give us peace.

A gentle stream of hope and love
  To us shall ever flow:
It issues from his throne above;
  It cheers his church below.

When earth and hell against us came,
  He spake and quelled their powers:
The Lord of hosts is still the same:
  The God of grace is ours.

Twenty-sixth Sunday after Trinity.

253

O SAVIOUR, is thy promise fled?
  No longer will thy grace endure
To heal the sick, and raise the dead,
  And preach thy gospel to the poor?

Come, Jesus, come! return again;
With brighter beam thy servants bless,
Who long to hail thy perfect reign,
And share thy kingdom's happiness.

Come, Saviour, come; and as of yore
The prophet went to clear thy way,
A harbinger thy feet before,
A dawning to thy brighter day;

So, ere again we see thy face,
Our yearning hearts for truth prepare;
Fill every soul with heavenly grace;
Then come and reap thy harvest there.

254

OUR souls, O Lord, adore
The wonders of thy power,
Thy wisdom, and thy boundless love!
To our admiring eyes
What various beauties rise,
And bloom below, and shine above!

The heavens above our head
Magnificently spread,
And glittering stars that gild the skies,
The sun's majestic blaze,
The moon with milder rays,
Proclaim the good, and great, and wise.

But in thy word divine
With fairer lustre shine
The glories of redeeming grace;
A kind forgiving God,
A Saviour's streaming blood,
Transcend the brightest angel's praise.

O be thy gospel known,
Wherever shines the sun,
And nobler light and love convey!
Let every land adore,
And to thy saving power
A cheerful praise and homage pay!

255

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

Saviour! if in Zion's city,
Thou record our worthless name,
Let the world deride or pity,
We will glory in the shame!
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

256

'TIS for conquering kings to gain
Glory o'er the myriads slain;
Jesu, thy more glorious strife
Hath restored a world to life.

So no other name is given
Unto mortals under heaven,
Which can make the dead to rise,
And exalt them to the skies.

That which Christ so hardly wrought
That which he so dearly bought,
That salvation, mortals, say,
Will you madly cast away?

Rather gladly for that name
Bear the cross, endure the shame;
Joyfully for him to die
Is not death, but victory.

Dost thou, Jesu, condescend
To be call'd the sinners friend?
Ours then it shall always be
Thus to make our boast of thee.

Twenty-seventh Sunday after Trinity.

257

IMMOVEABLE our hope remains;
Within the veil our anchor lies;
Jesus, who wash'd us from our stains,
Shall bear us safely to the skies.

Strong in his strength, we boldly say,
For us Immanuel shed his blood;
Who then shall tear our shield away,
Or part us from the love of God?

Can tribulation, or distress,
Or persecution's fiery sword?
Can Satan rob us of our peace,
Or prove too mighty for the Lord?

Founded on Christ, secure we stand,
Seal'd with his Spirit's inward seal;
We soon shall gain the promis'd land,
Triumphant o'er the powers of hell.

The winds may roar, the floods beset,
And rains impetuous descend;
Yet will he not his own forget,
But love, and save them to the end.

258

THE Lord is rich and merciful,
Our God is very kind:
O come to him, come now to him,
With a believing mind.

The Lord is great and powerful,
Our God is ever nigh:
O trust in him, trust now in him,
And have security.

The Lord is wise and wonderful,
As all the ages tell;
O learn of him, learn now of him,
That all he does is well.

And in his light we shall see light,
Thereby to work and live;
And he shall be to us a rest,
When evening hours arrive.

259

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take!
Loud, to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake!

Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
We ev'ry moment come.

His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

Wait till the shadows flee;
Wait thy appointed hour;
Wait till the bridegroom of thy soul
Reveals his love with power!

Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee!
Who wait for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see!

260

GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Shew the brightness of thy face;
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine;
Fill thy church with light divine:
And thy saving health extend,
Unto earth's remotest end.

Let the people praise thee, Lord;
Be by all that live ador'd:
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour-King;
At thy feet their tributes pay,
And thy holy will obey.

Let the people praise thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford:
God to man his blessing give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below and all above,
One in joy, and light and love.

All Saints' Day.

261

OH what if we are Christ's
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be
When we have borne the cross.

Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints baptized in blood
Christ's sufferings shared below.

Bright is their glory now
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

Lord! may that grace be ours,
Ever like them to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,
May be our portion here.

Enough if thou at last
The word of blessing give;
And let us rest beneath thy feet
Where saints and angels live.

262

FOR all thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in thee to live,
Who follow'd thee, obey'd, ador'd,
Our grateful hymn receive.

For all thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted thee their great reward,
And strove in thee to die.

They all, in life and death,
With thee, their Lord, in view,
Learn'd from thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

For this thy Name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in thee.

263

AUTHOR and finisher of faith,
We praise thee for the grace
Bestowed on those who, ages past,
Did thy great name confess.

They taught and practised truths divine,
And sealed them with their blood;
And so to us was handed down
The gospel of our God.

We bless thee for that saving truth
  Thy saints of old have taught:
We bless thee for those holy works
  Thy grace within them wrought.

May we and all mankind believe
  Thy messages of love;
Follow the steps of saints below,
  And dwell with them above.

264

BEHOLD! the temple of the Lord,
  The work of God by man abhorred,
  Appearing fair and splendid:
It lifts its head in spite of foes;
And though a hostile world oppose,
  The work will yet be ended.

A building this, not made with hands;
On firm foundations, lo! it stands,
  For God himself has laid them:
The workmanship of God alone;
The rich materials all his own—
  'Twas he himself who made them.

He builds it for his glory's sake;
Its solid frame no force can shake,
  However men despise it;
And time, that other works destroys,
'Gainst this in vain its power employs—
  The work of God defies it.

From age to age his work goes on—
The stones collected one by one—
  Ere long it will be finished:
And when he works his grand design,
The temple will for ever shine
  With lustre undiminished!

265

LO! round the throne, at God's right hand,
The saints in countless myriads stand;
Of every tongue redeem'd to God,
Array'd in garments wash'd in blood.

Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despis'd the shame;
From all their labours now they rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

Hunger and thirst they feel no more;
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death deplore;
The tears are wip'd from every eye,
And sorrow yields to endless joy.

They see their Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of his grace:
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
To him their loud hosannas raise:—

"Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign!
Thou hast redeem'd us by thy blood,
And made us kings and priests to God."

Baptism.

266

BLESSED are the sons of God;
They are bought with Jesu's blood,
They are ransom'd from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have:
With them number'd may we be,
Now and through eternity!

They are justified by grace,
They enjoy a solid peace;
All their sins are wash'd away,
They shall stand in God's great day:
With them number'd may we be,
Now and through eternity!

They produce the fruits of grace
In the works of righteousness;
Born of God, they hate all sin,
God's pure word remains within:
With them number'd may we be,
Now and through eternity!

They have fellowship with God,
Through the Mediator's blood;
One with God, through Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun:
With them number'd may we be,
Now and through eternity!

267

LORD, may the inward grace abound
Through thine appointed outward sign;
A milder seal than Abraham found,
Of cov'nant blessings more divine;
Which opens glory to our view,
Beyond the brightest hope he knew.

Type of the Spirit's living flow,
In faith we pour the hallow'd stream;
We sign the cross upon the brow,
The solemn pledge of truth to him
Who shed for us his precious blood,
To seal the covenant of God.

Baptiz'd into the Trinity,
  Adopted children of thy grace,
O help us, Lord, to live to thee,
  An humble, pure, and faithful race;
Instruct us, sanctify, defend,
And crown with heav'nly life our end.

268

HOW large the promise, how divine,
  To Abraham decreed:
Thy God I am, for ever thine,
  The God of all thy seed.

The words of everlasting love
  From age to age endure;
The angel of the covenant proves,
  And seals the blessings sure.

Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
  To our forefathers given;
He takes young children in his arms,
  And calls them heirs of heaven.

O God! how faithful are thy ways!
  Thy love is still the same;
Thou wilt not from the promised grace
  Blot out the children's name.

269

THE Saviour's gentle voice
  Calls children to his breast,
He folds them in his gracious arms,
  His blessings on them rest.

Onward, then, to glory move:
More than conquerors shall ye prove;
Still through danger, toil and woe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

273

SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing:
Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

See the fair way his hand has raised;
How holy, and how plain!
Nor shall the simplest traveller err,
Nor ask the track in vain.

No ravening lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound;
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
Through all the path are found.

A hand divine shall lead you on
Through all the blissful road;
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your gracious God.

There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows all are fled.

March on in your Redeemer's strength;
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye
While labouring up the hill.

274

LORD, at thy table we behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire that we
Should find a welcome place.

We, who are all defil'd with sin,
And rebels to our God;
We, who have crucified thy Son
And trampled on his blood.

What strange surprising grace is this,
That we, so lost, have room!
Jesus our weary souls invites,
And freely bids us come.

Ye saints below, and hosts of heav'n,
Join all your sacred powers;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.

275

AT our Father's table meeting,
All our sins by him forgiv'n;
Children's bread together eating,
Bread that cometh down from heav'n;
Let us banish
Hence the old unhallowed leav'n.

Blessed is the name we think of,
When together breaking bread;
Blessed is the cup we drink of,
Type of blood for sinners shed:
Happy are we,
Quicken'd by the Lord, and fed.

Let us walk in love, united
  To our living Head above;
Let us sing his praise, delighted,
  Sing the praise of him we love:
    Saviour, bless us!
  Let us all thy goodness prove.

Standing in the Saviour's merit,
  We have peace, and we are blest;
Taught and guided by the Spirit,
  We have hope of future rest:
    This we wait for,
  And the Saviour's time is best.

276

GIVER of each perfect gift!
  By thy cleansing mercy healed,
Up to thee our souls we lift,
  And to thee our bodies yield.

Now our sacrifice receive,
  Humbly offered through thy Son;
In thee may we ever live,
  In us may thy will be done;

Meet it is, and just and right,
  Wholly thine that we should be,
In thy sacred word delight,
  Now and through eternity.

O that every deed and word
  May proclaim how good thou art!
Holiness unto the Lord
  May be written on each heart!

277

IN sacred fellowship we meet,
To celebrate our Saviour's death;
His blood we drink, his flesh we eat,
His people feed on him by faith.

How blest the people who are his!
To them the bread of life is giv'n;
How fair, how rich their portion is!
They hope to see their Lord in heav'n.

Till he appears, his death shall be
Their spring of hope, their theme of joy;
And when in heav'n their Lord they see,
His praise shall all their powers employ.

Marriage.

278

O HAPPY house, O house supremely blest,
Where thou, Lord Jesus Christ, art entertained
As the most welcome and beloved guest,
With true devotion and with love unfeigned:
Where all hearts beat in unison with thine,
Where eyes grow brighter as they look on thee,
Where all are ready, at the slightest sign,
To do thy will and do it heartily.

O happy house, where man and wife are one
Through love of thee, in spirit, heart, and mind;
Together joined by holy bands, which none,
Not death itself, can sever or unbind:

Where both on thee unfailingly depend,
  In weal and woe, in good and evil days,
And hope with thee eternity to spend
  In sweet communion and eternal praise.

O happy house, where with the hands of prayer
  Parents commit their children to the Friend
Who with a more than mother's tender care,
  Will watch and keep them safely to the end:
Where they are taught to sit at Jesu's feet,
  And listen to the words of life and truth,
And learn to lisp his praise in accents sweet
  From early childhood to advancing youth.

O happy house, where man and maid pursue
  Their daily labours as unto the Lord,
Desiring only that whate'er they do
  May be according to his will and word:
As servants, yet as friends and brethren too,
  Their love with deep humility combined,
No less in little than in great things true,
  They serve him gladly with a willing mind.

O happy house, where thou dost share the weal,
  Where none forget thee, whatsoe'er befall;
O happy house, where thou the wounds dost heal,
  The Healer and the Comforter of all;
Till every one his stated task hath done,
  And all at length shall peacefully depart
To the bright realms where Thou thyself art gone,
  The Father's house where Thou already art.

279

HOW blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds;
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, and faith, and hopes, are one!

To each, the soul of each how dear,
What jealous care, what holy fear;
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

Their streaming tears together flow,
For human guilt, and human woe;
Their ardent prayers united rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

Though death the earthly bond shall rend,
Their severed spirits then ascend,
And in the blissful realms above,
Again unite in endless love.

280

THRICE happy the pilgrims, whose Zion-ward feet
Together are seeking their King:
O'er the rough road of life, still the journey is sweet,
As to him their heart's treasure they bring.

It lends a delight to the wearisome way,
Their joys with each other to share;
But dearer the Friend, who, unseen, is their stay,
To whom they confide every care.

Though sweet is the voice, which in sorrow is near,
To whisper relief to their woes:
Yet sweeter his accents, who banishes fear,
And soothes into lasting repose.

For the union of those, in the Lord who delight,
Is blest and acknowledged above:
And he shall their spirits for ever unite,
In the regions of joy and of love.

281

JESUS, Lord, we look to thee;
Let us in thy name agree:
Each to each unite, endear;
Come and spread thy banner here!

Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, both in thought and word;
Altogether like our Lord!

Let us for each other care;
Each the other's burden bear;
To thy Church the pattern give,
Shew how true believers live.

Free from anger, strife, and pride,
Let us still in God abide;
May our daily life express
Constant love and holiness!

282

OH! where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around "the second death!"

Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banish'd from thy face,
And evermore undone.

283

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

The graves of all his saints he blest,
And soften'd ev'ry bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying head?

Thence he arose, ascending high,
And shew'd our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies!

284

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With faith's unclouded eyes!

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

285

HARK! a voice divides the sky!
Happy are the faithful dead!
In the Lord, who sweetly die,
They from all their toils are freed.

Ready for the glorious crown,
  Sorrows past, and sins forgiven,
Here they lay their burden down,
  Hallowed and made meet for heaven.

Yes! the Christian's course is run;
  Ended is the glorious strife;
Fought the fight, the work is done;
  Death is swallowed up in life.

Lo! the prisoner is released,
  Lightened of his heavy load;
Where the weary are at rest,
  He is gathered to his God!

National Fast.

286

FROM lowest depths of woe
  To God we send our cry,
Lord, hear our supplicating voice,
  And graciously reply.

Our soul with patience waits
  For thee, the living Lord;
Our hopes are on thy promise built,
  Thy never-failing word.

Let Israel trust in God,
  No bounds his mercy knows;
The plenteous source and spring from whence
  Eternal succour flows.

Whose friendly streams to us
  Supplies in want convey;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse,
  And wash our guilt away.

287

ALMIGHTY God, before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend;
For on thy pardoning grace alone
Our prostrate hopes depend.

Dark judgments from thy chastening hand
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

Turn us, O turn us, mighty Lord,
Convert us by thy grace;
Let every heart obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

Then, Lord, though threatened and dismayed,
We shall not sink in fear,
Secure of never-failing aid,
If God, our God, be near.

288

HOW gracious and how wise
Is our chastising God;
And O, how rich the blessings are,
Which spring beneath his rod.

He scourges us in love,
With pity in his heart;
And ev'ry stroke his children feel
Shall grace and peace impart.

Instructed thus they bow,
And own his sov'reign sway;
They turn their erring footsteps back
To his forsaken way.

Father, we would accept
With joy thy discipline;
And bless the pain that makes our souls
Still more completely thine.

289

DREAD Jehovah, God of nations,
From thy temple in the skies
Hear thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliverance rise.

Lo! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at thy feet we bend;
Hear us fasting, praying, mourning,
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' blood can cleanse from all.

Pardon, Lord, all past transgressions,
O'er us stretch thy guiding hand;
Save thy people from oppression,
Guard thy Church, and bless our land.

National Thanksgiving.

290

SALVATION doth to God belong,
His power and grace shall be our song,
From him alone all mercies flow,
His arm alone subdues the foe!

Then praise our God, who bows his ear,
To listen to his people's prayer;
Who, though his mercy may delay,
Yet proves at length our help and stay.

O may thy goodness lead our land,
Rescued by an almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour, and our King.

May every public temple raise
A song of triumph to thy praise;
And every peaceful, private home,
To thee a temple, Lord, become.

Still be it our supreme delight,
To walk as in thy glorious sight;
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour, to persevere.

291

SING Hallelujah; sing
Glory to God alone!
Bring your oblations, bring
Thank-offerings to the throne;
Take words of joy, of comfort take,
Awake to love, to life awake.

The Lord put forth his hand,
He touch'd us and we died;
Vengeance went through the land,
But mercy walk'd beside;
He heard our prayers; he saw our tears,
And stay'd the plague, and quell'd our fears.

What shall we give to thee?
  O thou, whose purer eyes
Behold iniquity
  In man's best sacrifice?
Ourselves we give, but rest our claim
On Christ, and know none other name.

For Jesus' sake forgive
  Thy people, Lord, and spare,
To him and thee to live,
  For thine and his we are;
Thy quickening Spirit gave us breath,
Thy Son, by death, has conquer'd death.

292

O BE joyful in your God,
  All ye lands his praise proclaim;
Tell his mighty works abroad,
Magnify his glorious name.

In thy works, O Lord, we view
Love and majesty combin'd;
Flames of wrath thy foes pursue,
Rest and peace thy children find.

Thou hast caus'd a flood of woes
In our weary hearts to fall;
But thy love which dealt the blows,
Brought us safely through them all.

Let the name of God be blest
By all nations far and near,
For he gives his people rest
Far from sorrow, pain, and fear.

293

THE Lord is good! fresh acts of grace
  His pity still supplies;
His anger moves with slowest pace,
  His willing mercy flies.

His love through earth extends its fame,
  By all his works exprest;
These shew his praise, while his great name
  Is by his servants blest.

Whate'er our various wants require,
  With open hand he gives;
And satisfies the just desire
  Of everything that lives.

How holy is the Lord, how just;
  How righteous all his ways!
How blest is he, who with firm trust
  On his sure promise stays!

294

COME, let us bless the Lord our God,
  And all his works proclaim;
Let all our souls with all their might,
  Combine to praise his name.

Come, let our souls repeat his praise
  Whose mercies are so great:
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
  So ready to abate.

Far as the heaven above the earth
  Its lofty arch extends,
So far his love to sinful man
  Our utmost thought transcends.

Far as the east is from the west,
He all our guilt removes!
And spares us, as a father spares
The children whom he loves.

O let us, then, renew the theme,
And all his works proclaim;
Let all our souls, with all their might,
Combine to praise his name.

Harvest.

295

FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons as they move
Proclaim thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth,
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine,
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st the summer suns to shine,
And mild refreshing dew.

These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

We own and bless thy gracious sway;
Thy hand all nature hails;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter fails.

296

GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year,
As time with rapid pinions flies,
May every season make us wise.

Long has thy favour crowned our days,
And summer shed again its rays;
No deadly cloud our sky has veiled,
No blasting winds our path assailed.

The harvest months have o'er us rolled,
And filled our fields with waving gold;
Our tables spread, our garners stored,—
Where are our hearts to praise the Lord?

The solemn harvest comes apace,
The closing day of life and grace;
Time of decision! awful hour!
Around it let no tempest lower.

Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
Like stars in heaven to rise and shine;
Then shall our happy souls above
Reap the full harvest of thy love.

297

THY gifts, O God, the circling year
With fresh returns of plenty crown;
Thy blessings all around appear;
The swelling clouds drop fatness down.

While from exhaustless stores the rain
Descending fills the thirsty ground—
The barren lands rejoice again,
With richest fruits and herbage crown'd.

Thy bounteous hand the blessing pours;
The valleys and the fruitful fields
Thou makest soft with gentle showers;
And nature all her fullness yields.

Large flocks and herds the plains adorn;
The hills their joyful tribute bring;
The valleys wave with golden corn,
And seem their Maker's praise to sing.

298

O LORD, thy promises prevail,
Seed-time and harvest never fail,
Our labours to repay:
The ripen'd fruits our fields adorn,
And valleys standing thick with corn,
Thy bounteous love display.

The clouds drop fatness on the fields;
Enrich'd, the soil abundance yields,
The earth is stor'd with food;
At thy command the teeming ground
Its plenty pours on all around,
And all is fill'd with good.

To thee, O Lord, our God and King,
The tribute of our love we bring,
Our grateful notes we raise;
And while the valleys laugh and sing,
Our tongues shall make thy temple ring
With th' anthem of our praise.

299

WHO shall a temple build for him,
  Who fills the heaven of heavens alone?
Who shall exalt his glorious name,
  Fixt in his everlasting throne?

Yet many a lowly fane shall rise,
  Which God himself will not disdain;
He will accept the sacrifice;
  Nor shall the offering be in vain.

No gorgeous dome, nor boastful vow,
  Can e'er find favour in his sight:
The humble votary, meek and low,
  And holy soul are his delight.

On these his grace and mercy rest;
  Nor from their shrines will he depart:
His temple is the faithful breast;
  His altar is the contrite heart.

300

CHRIST is our corner-stone;
  On him alone we build;
With his true saints alone
  The courts of heaven are filled;
    On his great love
      Our hopes we place
      Of present grace,
    And joys above.

O then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise
The Lord of life to sing;
And thus proclaim
In joyful song,
Both loud and long,
That glorious name.

Here, gracious God, do thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower
On all who pray
Each holy day,
Thy blessings pour.

Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore;
Until that day,
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are called away.

301

LORD of the worlds above
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are;
To thine abode
Our hearts aspire,
With warm desire,
To see our God.

O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Sion's hill!

They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length;
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

302

IN loud and cheerful strains,
The King of glory praise;
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
Through everlasting days:
But Zion, with his presence blest,
Is his delight, his chosen rest.

Great King of glory, come,
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy home,
This people as thine own:
Beneath this roof, O deign to shew
How God can dwell with men below.

Here may thine ears attend
  Our interceding cries;
And grateful praise ascend
  Like incense to the skies:
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And pour its joys on all around.

Here may our unborn sons
  And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine like polish'd stones,
  Through long succeeding days:
Here, Lord, display thy saving pow'r,
While temples stand and men adore.

Missions.

303

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
  From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
  Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
  From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
  Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
  Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though ev'ry prospect pleases,
  And only man is vile—
In vain with lavish kindness
  The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen, in his blindness,
  Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
  With wisdom from on high,
Can we, to men benighted,
  The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
  The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
  Has learnt Messiah's name!

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
  And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
  It spread from pole to pole;
'Till o'er our ransom'd nature
  The Lamp for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
  In bliss return to reign!

304

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow;
  The gladly solemn sound
Let all the nations know,
  To earth's remotest bound:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Jesus, our great High Priest,
  Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
  Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Extol the Lamb of God,
  The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
  Through all the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Ye who have sold for nought
  Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
  The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

305

SOUND, sound the truth abroad,
  Bear ye the word of God
    Through the wide world:
Tell what our Lord has done,
Tell how the day is won,
And from his lofty throne
    Satan is hurl'd.

Far over sea and land,
('Tis our Lord's own command,)
    Bear ye his name;
Bear it to ev'ry shore,
Regions unknown explore,
Enter at ev'ry door,
    Silence is shame.

Speed on the wings of love,
Jesus, who reigns above,
Bids us to fly;
They who his message bear
Should neither doubt nor fear,
He will their friend appear,
He will be nigh.

When on the mighty deep,
He will their spirits keep
Stay'd on his word;
When in a foreign land,
No other friend at hand,
Jesus will by them stand,
Jesus their Lord.

Ye who, forsaking all
At your loved Master's call,
Comforts resign;
Soon will your work be done,
Soon will the prize be won,
Brighter than yonder sun
Then shall ye shine.

306

JESUS, immortal King, arise,
Assume, assert thy sway,
Till earth subdued its tribute brings,
And distant lands obey.

Ride forth, victorious Conqueror, ride,
Till all thy foes submit,
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet.

Send forth thy word, and let it fly
  This spacious earth around,
Till every soul beneath the sun
  Shall hear the joyful sound.

O may the great Redeemer's name
  Through every clime be known,
And heathen gods, like Dagon, fall,
  And Jesus reign alone!

From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
  May Jesus be adored,
And earth, with all her millions, shout
  Hosannas to the Lord!

307

O WHY should Israel's sons, once blest,
  Still roam the scorning world around,
Disown'd of heaven, by man opprest,
Outcasts from Zion's hallow'd ground?

O God of Judah, view their race!
Back to thy fold the wanderers bring;
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
To hail in Christ their promis'd King.

The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
The sever'd olive-branch again
Firm to its parent stock unite.

Haste, glorious day, expected long,
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall pour;
With eager feet one temple throng,
One God with grateful praise adore.

Dismissal.

308

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace,
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace,
Oh, refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give and adoration
For thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

So whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

Praise and honour to the Father,
Praise and honour to the Son,
Praise and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One,
Praise be given
While eternal ages run!

309

ONCE more, before we part,
Bless the Redeemer's name!
Let every tongue and heart
Join to adore the Lamb.
Jesus, the sinner's friend,
Him whom our souls adore,
His praises have no end;
Praise him for evermore!

Lord! in thy grace we came;
Thy blessing now impart:
We met in Jesu's name;
In Jesu's name we part.
Jesus, the sinner's friend, &c.

Still, on thy holy word
We'd feed, and live, and grow;
Go on to know the Lord,
And practise what we know.
Jesus, the sinner's friend, &c.

310

CHRISTIANS! Brethren! ere we part,
Ev'ry voice and ev'ry heart,
One glad hymn to God should raise,
One high song of grateful praise.

Here we all may meet no more,
But there is a happier shore;
There, releas'd from toil and pain,
Brethren, we shall meet again!

Now to God, the Three in One,
Be eternal glory done!
Raise, ye saints, the sound again,
Gladly join the loud Amen!

311

NOW may he who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep!

May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in his sight;
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night!

To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the cov'nant seal'd with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God!

312

MAY the grace of God our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above!

Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

Doxologies.

313

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

314

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory; as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

315

TO God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be;
As was, and is, and shall be still
To all eternity.

316

PRAISE to the Father, and the Son,
And to the Spirit be;
Praise to the blessed Three in One,
Through all eternity.

317

HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
Ever be thy name adored;
Thee to praise in songs of love,
Angels join with saints above:
We with them our voices raise,
Echoing thine eternal praise,
Glory be to God on high,
Ever-blessed Trinity!

318

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host
And saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time shall be no more.

319

PRAISE the name of God Most High,
Praise him, all below the sky;
Praise him, all ye heav'nly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

320

GOD the Father now be praised;
Praise to God the Son be given;
Be to God the Spirit raised
Praise alike from earth and heav'n:
Praise Jehovah One in three,
Now—and through eternity.

HYMNS FOR SCHOOLS.

Commencement of Term.

321

LORD, behold us with thy blessing,
Once again assembled here;
Onward be our footsteps pressing,
In thy love, and faith, and fear:
Still protect us
By thy presence ever near!

For thy mercy we adore thee,
For this rest upon our way:
Lord, again we bow before thee,
Speed our labours day by day:
Mind and spirit
With thy choicest gifts array.

Keep the spell of home-affection
Still alive in every heart;
May its power, with mild correction,
Draw our love from self apart!
Till thy children
Feel that thou their Father art.

Break temptation's fatal power,
Shielding all with guardian care,
Safe in every careless hour,
Safe from sloth and sensual snare:
Thou, our Saviour,
Still our failing strength repair!

Daily.

322

O THOU who makest souls to shine
With light from brighter worlds above,
And droppest down thy dew divine
On all who seek a Saviour's love;

Do thou thy benediction give
On all who teach, on all who learn,
That all thy Church may holier live,
And every lamp more brightly burn.

Give those that teach pure hearts, and wise,
Faith, hope, and love, all warm'd by prayer;
Themselves first training for the skies,
They best will raise thy children there.

Give those that learn the willing ear,
Meek spirit, and the guileless mind:
Such gifts will make the meanest here
Far better than a kingdom find.

Oh bless the shepherd! bless the sheep!
That guide and guided both be one;
One in the faithful watch they keep,
Until this hurrying life be done.

If thus, good Lord, thy grace be given,
Our glory meets us ere we die;
Before we upward pass to heaven
We taste our immortality.

323

WE again, a youthful throng,
Raise to thee our daily song;
Praising Him whose constant care
Crowns and keeps us everywhere.

If He note the sparrow's fall,
Feed the ravens when they call,
Clothe the lily with its bloom,
Give the rose its sweet perfume:

Surely we may calmly rest
On the kindness of his breast;
Ev'ry care to him confide,
Fear him, and fear nought beside.

Gracious Saviour! we are thine,
Make each youthful heart thy shrine;
Set us from corruption free,
Make us temples meet for thee.

Fill us with thy peace and love,
Make us gentle as the dove;
Let it in our lives be seen,
That with Jesus we have been.

324

HOW shall the young preserve their ways
From all pollution free?
By striving, Lord, to make their lives
With thy commands agree.

With the whole heart for thee we seek,
To thee for help we pray;
O suffer not our careless steps
From thy right paths to stray.

Safe in our heart, and closely hid,
  Thy word, our treasure lies;
To succour us with timely aid,
  When sinful thoughts arise.

By this secur'd, our grateful soul
  Shall ever bless thy name;
Then teach us, by thy holy law,
  Our future life to frame.

325

GREAT Jehovah! God of glory!
  O let children lisp thy name!
Humbly now we fall before thee,
  Thy almighty grace our theme!
Host of seraphs, join'd in chorus,
  Love divine proclaim on high;
Hear us, hear, O God most glorious,
  While the same blest theme we try!

Hail Immanuel! once incarnate,
  Bleeding, dying on the tree!
Little children thou invitest,
  Without dread to come to thee;
At thy word behold us coming;
  May we Lord thy mercy prove!
Number us among thy children,
  Thee to serve, and trust, and love!

May we live to know and fear thee,
  Trust and love thee all our days,
Then go dwell for ever near thee,
  See thy face, and sing thy praise.
Jesus, God of consolation,
  Best of friends, in pity move!
Bless us, Lord, with thy salvation,
  And accept our infant love!

326

GLORY to the Father give;
God in whom we move and live;
Children's prayers he deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight his ear.

Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

Glory to the Holy Ghost;
Be this day a Pentecost;
Children's minds may he inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word, that "God is love."

327

O LORD, another day is flown;
And we, a grateful band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fost'ring hand.

O let thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad in ev'ry heart
Thine everlasting peace.

Thus chasten'd, cleans'd, entirely thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The sun of holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.

And thou wilt turn our wand'ring feet,
  And thou wilt bless our way;
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
  The dawn of lasting day.

Commemoration of Benefactors.

328

FATHER, hear thy children's praises
  For the boon we own to-day;
Grateful love our heart upraises,
  This our sacrifice to pay:

Thanks for all thy mercies given,
  Stores of knowledge here unroll'd,
Means of grace, and hopes of heaven,
  Unto us, thy chosen fold!

Lord, thy servants' spirits turning,
  Mould them by thy gracious sway:
Godliness and all good learning
  May we follow day by day!

May we, these thy bounties sharing,
  Every talent use aright,
Still by earthly lore preparing,
  Till our faith be turn'd to sight:

Till, undimm'd by dark reflection,
  Face to face shall Christ be shewn;
Knowledge rise to full perfection,
  Knowing e'en as we are known.

End of Term.

329

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon all, their faults confessing;
Time that's lost may all retrieve!
May thy children
Ne'er again thy Spirit grieve!

Bless thou all our days of leisure;
Help us selfish lures to flee;
Sanctify our every pleasure,
Pure and blameless may it be:
May our gladness
Draw us evermore to thee!

By thy kindly influence cherish
All the good we here have gain'd;
May all taint of evil perish,
By thy mightier power restrain'd:
Seek we ever
Knowledge pure and love unfeign'd!

Let thy Father-hand be shielding
All who here shall meet no more;
May their seed-time past be yielding
Year by year a richer store!
Those returning
Make more faithful than before!

HYMNS FOR FAMILY WORSHIP

Sunday.

Morning.

330

THIS is the day the Lord hath blest;
The day to us in mercy given;
The holy Sabbath of his rest;
The pledge and type of rest in heav'n.

This day within thy courts, O Lord,
Thy servants meet to seek thy face,
To sing thy praises, hear thy word,
Unfold their wants, implore thy grace.

May we by ev'ry Sabbath grow
In grace, humility, and love:
Thus, by thy holy rest below,
Made fitter for thy rest above.

331

O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favours past,
On bended knees devoutly fall,
And on the Lord our Maker call.

For God, the Lord, enthroned in state,
Alone in all the world is great;
The strength of earth is in his hand,
He made the sea, and fix'd the land.

He is our God, our shepherd he,
His people and his flock are we:
Then let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there.

Evening.

332

ERE another Sabbath close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord, our song ascends to thee,
At thy feet we bow the knee.

For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to thee alone be given,
Lord of earth, and King of heaven.

Cold our services have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin;
But thou canst and wilt forgive:
By thy grace alone we live.

Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May thy love our footsteps lead;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with thee at last.

333

THANKS for thy house of prayer, O Lord;
Thanks for thy day, and for thy word;—
For all the means which thou hast given
Of knowing thee, and gaining heaven.

The Sabbath ending, now we seek
Thy blessing on us through the week;
Let all its days with thee begin,
That each may prove a rest from sin.

Monday.

Morning.

334

O GOD, how endless is thy love,
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great Guardian of our sleeping hours;
Again thy word restores the light,
And quickens all our drowsy powers.

We yield our powers to thy command,
To thee we consecrate our days;
Perpetual mercies from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Evening.

335

THROUGH the day thy love hath spared us,
When we lay us down to rest,
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest;
Jesus, thou our guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In thine arms may we repose,
And when life's short day is past,
Rest with thee in heaven at last.

Tuesday.

Morning.

336

FORTH in thy name, O Lord, we go,
Our daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know
In all we think, or speak, or do.

The task thy wisdom hath assign'd,
O let us cheerfully fulfil;
In all our works thy presence find,
And prove thy good and perfect will.

Thee may we feel at our right hand,
Whose eyes our inmost substance see;
And labour on at thy command,
And offer all our works to thee!

Still be our grateful, glad employ,
To spend for thee what thou hast given,
And run our course with hope and joy,
Till with thy saints we enter heaven.

Evening.

337

AND now the day is past and gone
We sing, O God, thy praise;
And while the night is hast'ning on,
Our humble prayer we raise.

The sin that we have done this day
O teach us to deplore,
And drive the tempter far away,
That we may sin no more.

He like a lion prowls around
To kill and to devour;
Beneath thy wings may help be found
To save us from his power.

When shall the day arise, O God,
Which ne'er shall set in gloom?
When shall we reach that blest abode,
Where danger cannot come?

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Wednesday.

Morning.

338

TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

The present moment flies,
And bears our life away!
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day!

One thing demands our care:
O be it still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed!

To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light;
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night!

Evening.

339

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
  Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
  Watchest where thy people be.

Thursday.

Morning.

340

NEW every morning is the love
  Our waking and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies each returning day
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

Oh, timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new!

O Jesus Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And help us this and every day
To live more nearly as we pray.

Evening.

341

FROM Zion's hills our help descends,
  To them we lift our eyes;
Our strength on God alone depends;
  Who form'd the earth and skies.

Around his saints, array'd in might,
His guardian shield he spreads;
Nor sun by day, nor moon by night,
Shall smite their favour'd heads.

He, ever watchful, ever nigh,
Forbids their feet to slide;
Nor sleep nor slumber seals the eye
Of Israel's Guard and Guide.

He shall preserve their souls from sin,
He shall their strength restore;
Their going out and coming in
Shall bless for evermore.

Friday.

Morning.

342

SAVIOUR! we part awhile,
Yet still in spirit join'd,
Each to the daily toil
Thou hast to each assign'd:
And while we do thy blessed will,
O shed thy peace within us still.

Haste, haste the happy day
That calls us to our home!
The heavens shall pass away,
The earth receive her doom;
Earth we shall see and heaven destroy'd,
And shout above the fiery void.

According to thy word,
Thy solemn promise given,
We look to see restored
The ruined earth and heaven—
In a new world thy truth to prove,
A world of righteousness and love.

Then let us wait the sound
That shall our souls release,
And labour to be found
Of thee in spotless peace—
In perfect holiness renewed,
Adorn'd with Christ, and meet for God.

Evening.

343

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light!
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night!
May thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This live-long night!

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping:
And when we die,
May we in thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie!
When the last dread trump shall wake us,
Do not thou, dear Lord, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With thee on high.

Most high and glorious Trinity,
Whom now we bless,
To thee, may we eternally
Our praise address;
Ever in the new creation
May we sing of thy salvation,
And with joyful adoration
Thy love confess!

Saturday.

Morning.

344

SOV'REIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All our times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.

He that form'd us in the womb,
He shall guide us to the tomb;
All our ways shall ever be
Order'd by his wise decree.

Times of sickness, times of health,
Blighting want, and cheerful wealth,
All our pleasures, all our pains,
Come and end, as God ordains.

May we always own thine hand,
Still to thee surrender'd stand,
Know that thou art God alone,
We and ours are all thy own.

Evening.

345

SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek
On th' appointed Sabbath-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

Mercies multiplied each hour,
Through the week our praise demand;
Guarded by Almighty pow'r,
Fed and guided by his hand:
Though ungrateful we have been,
Only made returns of sin.

While we pray for pard'ning grace
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Shew thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame:
From our worldly cares set free,
May we ever rest with thee.

May thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus may all our sabbaths prove,
Till we join the Church above!

Occasional.

346

THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages, praise,
Who reigns enthroned on high,
Ancient of endless days;
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year.

Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground;
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls is found;
Yet doth he us in mercy spare,
Another, and another year.

Jesus, thy speaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer space;
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And lo! we see another year.

Then dig about our root,
Break up our fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praise abound:
O let us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear!

347

SAVIOUR of them that trust in thee,
Once more, with supplicating cries,
We lift the heart, and bend the knee,
And bid devotion's incense rise.

For mercies past we praise thee, Lord,
The fruits of earth, the hopes of heav'n,
Thy helping arm, thy guiding word,
And answer'd pray'rs, and sins forgiv'n.

Whene'er we tread on danger's height,
Or walk temptation's slipp'ry way,
Be still to steer our steps aright,
Thy word our guide, thine arm our stay.

Be ours thy fear and favour still,
United hearts, unchanging love;
No scheme that contradicts thy will,
No wish that centres not above.

And since we must be parted here,
Support us when the hour shall come;
Wipe gently off the mourner's tear,
Rejoin us in our heav'nly home.

348

OUR times are in thy hand;
O God! we wish them there;
Whate'er we have, or hope, we leave
Entirely to thy care.

Our times are in thy hand,
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing, or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

Our times are in thy hand;
  Why should we doubt or fear?
A Father's hand will never cause
  His child a needless tear.

Our times are in thy hand;
  We'll always trust in thee;
Till we have left this weary land,
  And all thy glory see.

349

AS the sun's enliv'ning eye
  Shines on every place the same;
So the Lord is always nigh
  To the souls that love his name.

When they move at duty's call,
  He is with them by the way:
He is ever with them all,
  Those who go and those who stay.

From his holy mercy-seat
  Nothing can their souls confine;
Still in spirit they may meet,
  And in sweet communion join.

For a season call'd to part,
  Let us then ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
  Of our ever-present Friend.

Jesus, hear our humble pray'r!
  Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
  All our souls in safety keep!

350

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord,
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide;
Their help, Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And live in tainted air.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

THE END.

INDEX.

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